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# THE ACADEMY

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## LITERATURE



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Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

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## Notes of the Week

WE do not know whether Mr. Ben Tillett will endorse our opinion that Frascati's can cater for luncheons, dinners, and suppers which compare favourably with those provided at Claridge's, the Ritz, the Carlton and the Savoy, but we expect that his experienced palate could find no serious fault with the entertainment of which he partook at the first-named establishment. Perhaps he may prefer the Pommery at Claridge's or think that the Ritz has a better cellar of old port. It would be well to know his preferences, in order that the managers of those establishments may barricade them against Mr. Tillett's friends whom he advised "to pinch" the wine which most appealed to them. We are shortly giving a somewhat extensive dinner ourselves at one of the leading hotels, and we shall be pleased to submit the menu and the wine list for Mr. Tillett's criticism.

We thought that Italy would have to invoke the aid of the big brother to protect her from the consequences of her aggression. The appeal has, it is announced, now been made, and we hope that the Powers will readily

respond to it. The revivals in the Far East which must claim attention in the near future render it very undesirable that the impression should gain ground in those regions that any European nation is futile. We knew that the Italians never had even a sporting chance of success. It is quite time to veil their positive discomfiture.

The interesting subject of "Cruelty to Words" has recently been dealt with by Mr. Charles Whibley in an evening contemporary in a very suggestive manner. We have often thought that a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the English Language should be formed and would be deserving of the greatest support. As Mr. Whibley points out, the hasty writer lives in a haze of borrowed expressions and hackneyed quotations, ready-made and as thread-bare—but not as comfortable—as an old suit. His descriptive passages might be taken from pigeon-holes in his desk, each bearing its label: "Dark Hero," "Fair Heroine," "Summer Landscape," "Storm," "Proposals—indoor and open-air," and so on; his phrases are equally unoriginal. His characters "tremble with rage," quiver with "ill-concealed emotion"; their eyes flash with "curious lights," or "dance merrily," or have "a hunted look;" they "grow pale with passion" (or flush, according to their differing constitutions), and now and then we even come across our aged and tottering friend the "sickening thud." In addition to this his misuse of such words as "weird," "transpire," "phenomenal," and other traps for the unwary, means that there is a serious side to the question. Every time a word is misused in print, the purity of the language is slightly stained, whether it be in a penny novelette or in a work that shall take an honoured place on the shelf of the library.

The little matter of two thousand additional motor omnibuses for London (five years ago there were only 800 in all) will not attract much attention, but there is no doubt that the crossing of any of our main routes is becoming more and more of an adventure week by week. Meanwhile there is talk of extra traffic facilities in the way of high-speed Tubes that shall link up districts at present rather inaccessible. What we shall look like as a city in the course of the next twenty years we hardly dare to prophesy; possibly each street will be a "moving stairway," and there will be no need of wheeled vehicles at all. How the extension of rapid travel will affect us mentally is another pretty little problem. Chairs and tables may become obsolete in time, since we shall all be constantly on the move, and the scientist of the future may docket the inhabitant of London as a little round body with rudimentary walking apparatus and a persistent disinclination to remain still in any position, just as some of us picture the medieval Englishman as a person with a distinct preference for chain armour as ordinary wear and boars' heads for dinner.

## The Eternal Allegory

CARELESS, we venture the young ways of life,  
Casting away the vestments of the past;  
Unarmoured, we press out into the strife,  
Our horns of challenge echo down the blast.

With valiant feet and questing eyes we fare  
Into the dewy dawn before the sun.  
We have put by the burden of despair,  
The new untried horizons we have won

Beckon with vague allurements; and we seek  
(Our hands, unshackled, full of life's new gifts)  
Crowned freedom on her ultimate lone peak—  
Our songs go up to her: the shadow lifts.

Then stars are darkened in the midnight sky;  
We fall, as in the forest falls a leaf.  
Over us ride the legions where we lie,  
The tempests and the thunderstorms of grief.

And shuddering down the old unhappy slope,  
The old blind pathways that our fathers trod,  
With all the burden of our fear and hope,  
Life flings us broken at the feet of God.

ETHEL TALBOT.

---

## Literature and Belief

THERE appeared not long ago in the columns of a contemporary an article on the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. It sought to prove that the philosophy of the poem and its wide circulation among all manner of people was the cause of what is generally described as "Religious Unrest." Such a contention possibly over-estimates the influence of the Rubaiyat, because the general reader does not look deeply into the philosophical teaching of the poetry he reads: he is, as a rule, satisfied with its beauty of phrase and rhythm. He likes to be soothed by it for the time being, but rarely applies what he finds in it to his daily life.

But if this "Religious Unrest" is traceable to literature, and it probably is, the literature in question is far more likely to be prose writing than poetry. A recent writer in THE ACADEMY, basing an article on "rusty pans," a phrase occurring in Mr. Masfield's "The Everlasting Mercy" (a poem, by the way, which contains a philosophy the absolute antithesis of that of Omar), showed us that the present tendency in literary

art is towards an ugly realism. That writer went to poetry for examples; had they been taken from prose the interest of a far larger public would have been aroused and the argument would still have held good. A wider hearing would have been gained, because the people who read poetry are comparatively few; the argument would have been carried, because our prose deals in these same "rusty pans."

It is to present-day prose writing then, that we must turn if we are to discover the spring from which flows this devastating stream of anti-religious philosophy. A multitude of plays and novels have been produced of late which teach nothing, but which heap scorn upon those things for generations "believed most certainly among us." It is not to be desired that every volume coming from the press should be didactic in its character. We are in all conscience sombre enough to need amusement, and amusement we may lawfully demand. The fault in these books is not so much that they heap ridicule upon belief; it is rather that having thrown down they do not build up. There is a fashion in literature as truly as there is a fashion in clothes. The literary fashion of to-day is a gentle superiority to accepted truth. Religious sentiment has come to be regarded as an affectation and nothing more. In the novel, the play, and most of the poetry of the day it is either ignored altogether, or used as a medium with which to paint the more vividly eccentricities of character. To be religious is to be ridiculous, and the self-conscious Briton being in dread of nothing so much as of making a fool of himself, joins the colours of the new brigade in his writing and in his reading. Nothing must be left sacred; all must be profaned. The laurels which were wont to adorn the brow of the greatest artist have passed to the unworthy brow of the most daring extremist. The "great" writers are now they who rush in and pluck down the veil which until their advent had covered human shame. They focus a fierce light upon iniquity in high places, and think they have proved society to be rotten. They distort prophecy and imagine they have convicted the prophet of falsehood; and having done so, they finally dupe a too credulous public into following them. Looking proudly at the havoc they have wrought, they are pleased to call it "art."

So we are left to wonder whether the time will come again when men shall deal in truth and justice. We have grown somewhat weary of the neurotic literature of our time, nor can we all believe that human nature is the poor distorted thing that many would have us think it to be. For long we have allowed our souls to be starved; are our intellects also to suffer for lack of nourishment? With soul-deprived of true religion and intellect of true art, a nation may as well prepare its death-warrant. The English nation at the present moment is waiting with failing breath for a man to arise and prescribe the antidote to the literary poison it has been forced to swallow.

R. L. C.



## A Great Opera

NO one can be surprised that "The Children of Don" is not an instantaneous success from the popular point of view. Immediate popular appreciation is only won by giving the public something that it can comprehend at once; which provides them with old favourites under a new title. But this lack of appreciation in no way alters our opinion that the librettist and composer have between them produced a great work—even if, like all great works, it is too vast for immediate comprehension. Musical criticism has now behind it a century of mistakes—not a single one of the classics but has been received with neglect or contempt—and it seems to us that the treatment of Mr. Holbrooke's opera carries on the tradition unchanged. Even the least musical of the critics might have reflected that a work which lay so far outside of ordinary experience, both in plan and in execution, demanded some careful study before lightly dismissing it. And it is this feeling which moves us to protest against the elephantine humour of a critic last Sunday, who is, in his leisure hours, a musician and a gentleman, though he chose to write in a spirit of frivolity and childish jokes worthy of "... Shaw at his worst"—an insult to those of his readers who relied on him for cultured judgment. The fact that Herr Nikisch considered the author "one of the most talented composers living," and "greatly gifted for dramatic composition," ought to have deterred any one from a sort of criticism usually reserved to racing papers—cheap sneers diluted with feeble attempts at fun.

We should have been glad, if space permitted, to call special attention to the merits of the libretto. That it has its faults—mainly those of inexperience—its author would be the first to admit. It is a curious element of all art work that no one can absolutely foresee its effect till it has come into being in its proper material. Here, the book of words is well constructed, but it is too long, and could be greatly improved by compression. In this country inordinate length is an actual demerit under any conditions, and on Saturday it delayed the action and confused to some extent the interpretation of the legend. The second scene of the prologue with its long dialogues of the gods was a burden to the ordinary opera-goer and could have been well spared, or left to the orchestra, at the beginning of such an arduous intellectual exercise as this. But we desire especially to call attention to the fact that the author has tapped a new and a native source of legend for opera. If there is any truth in the theory that Celtic elements in this country are slowly asserting themselves, then this opera is on the right path. The author has gone to the earliest legends of the British race, as Wagner went to the earliest Scandinavian legends for

the Ring. "Mr. Ellis" has found in Taliesin and the Mabinogi a prototype and original of Wotan in Gwyddion his hero. The Holy Grail is the central motive of Lohengrin and Parsifal—our author introduces us to the Celtic prototype of the Grail—the Cauldron of Annwn.

It would take pages of this journal to follow in detail the way in which the confused remains of Welsh legend have been woven into a connected story—suffice it to say that those who know the material best are the greatest admirers of the book. It is true that a little more consideration for the composer might have been shown—too few of the lines sing themselves—they have to be broken into poetical rhythm by a stern *manège*, but perhaps Mr. Holbrooke, who refuses to pander to the popular, prefers them this way. We shall not here tell the story of the opera: the stealing of knowledge from the gods for the benefit of man, his revolt against their domination, his will to be lord of himself even at the cost of the heritage of woe such lordship brings—all this is told at length in the legend, and will ere long be familiar to music-lovers as household words.

The composer, whose task was already one of considerable difficulty, has added to it by a quite unnecessary complexity of score, in which few of the instruments are allowed to obtain their effects with absolute simplicity—the voice, reduced to one amongst many other orchestral units, being treated perhaps worst of all. The admirable conducting of Herr Nikisch brought this blemish within reasonable limits, but the strain on the singers did much to mar success on Saturday night. With the exception of Mr. Bozano as Nodens and Mr. Henry Weldon as Math, both gods and mortals were almost unintelligible, their voices being quite unequal to the double task of maintaining the pitch and singing the words in the stormy surroundings of Mr. Holbrooke's accompaniment. The overture is to our minds an excellent piece of music, which brings in the themes and motifs in a very dramatic manner, and arouses expectation. After it in interest we should be disposed to rank the Welsh folk-tune at the death of Math and the chorus of Druids at the end of the third act. Much of the intervening music is so freshly treated that the passages where Mr. Holbrooke follows traditional methods neither produce their own effect nor allow the quite different value of the others to be appreciated. Some critics have spoken of plagiarism: there are few ways of setting four notes of a scale in succession that have not already been written, and four notes make a recognisable phrase even to the modern impressionist critic—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. To our mind no more original musical work has been produced for many years, and we congratulate author and composer on a definite and successful step towards their enterprise of writing the English opera of to-day.

## REVIEWS

### The Art of Loving and Dying

*The Drama of Love and Death: A Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration.* By EDWARD CARPENTER. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

WHAT was the beginning of love, and what part does it play in the destinies of life? What rôle worthy of its power over the minds and bodies of men can we assign to it? How shall we explain its survival long after its task of reproduction is done, and the fact that its force and rarity are greatest when that task is least regarded? Why does it triumph over death so completely that at times it appears to devote itself deliberately to death, as if death were a necessary incident in its career?

Does the soul survive after death, and if so what is the soul which survives—the small personal self which we know and weary of, or some deeper self to which we are all but strangers? Are there in the beginnings of the race any indications of a soul existing before birth—indications which may clearly point to its continuance after death? What are the psychical phenomena of death? What form does the liberated spirit take, what is its pilgrimage and what its goal? And if its journeys and its deeds are wonderful beyond the dreams of man, what purpose is served by its confinement in the flesh?

Such are the questions which Mr. Carpenter asks and answers in his new book. Beginning with the Protozoa, called "immortal" because they do not die bodily but divide and redivide to produce an almost infinite succession of new creatures, he traces the beginnings of love from its first task of reviving two worn-out individuals by fusion of their forces. He points out with what strange cunning the most elementary forms of life perform these processes, and goes on to speak of human love, dwelling particularly upon its spiritual effect and its rejuvenating powers. He insists, as it is now the fashion to insist, upon an Art of Love, on the fact that there is a right and a wrong way of loving, quite apart from morality, and that the knowledge of the right way is criminally neglected in the teaching of youth.

If there is an Art of Love, there is also an Art of Dying. The full evils of a death which is artificially made revolting cannot be realised until one begins to calculate what takes place immediately after death, and how far the circumstances of its parting influence the liberated soul. Such speculations are bound to become fanciful, and are liable to be sneered at on that account, but we feel that we have no right to smile overmuch when Mr. Carpenter proceeds to divide the Self into four parts and to explain what happens to each of them. First there is the eternal and immortal soul or self, which remains much the same after death as before it—possibly as before birth. Second is the "inner personal ego or human soul, that which we know of a man on

his highest plane, his affections, his courage, his wit, his love of beauty and all his finer attributes." The destiny of this self is the most obscure and varied of the four; to its account, according to our author, are to be laid, both in life and afterwards, such things as forewarnings, telepathic messages and spiritual phenomena. This self wanders on the borderland of life, and the continuity and scope of its after existence may be determined largely by its powers and development on earth. Third comes the "outer personal or animal self," which dies normally as completely as the fourth self, the actual body.

This theory has the advantage of explaining many things which are obscure, but it has the disadvantage, particularly as regards the second and third divisions of itself, of depending for a great deal of its force upon a ready acceptance of clairvoyance, ghosts, and spiritualistic phenomena of various kinds. Mr. Carpenter declares his mind to be open on this subject, but he gives a great deal of space to describing various spiritual appearances and records, and they certainly flavour the last half of the book strongly.

Of a like uncertainty seems the theory, cited here with approbation, that the personal soul consists of a framework of "centresomes" or active centres of the cells, which, owing to their minuteness, can pass through the tissues at death and, keeping their distances like soldiers on parade, give the appearance of a ghost body, when they become visible, as apparently they do on occasion. The idea is wonderfully ingenious, but is it not a little trivial?

When the author treats of reincarnation, and of the purpose of the soul's incarnation, he seems to walk on surer and loftier ground. The possibility of the individual character of a man having been once clothed just as it is in a former body, and of its being destined to be thus clothed again in the future, he demolishes utterly by showing how entirely the perceptible individuality of a man—by which alone we know him—is a product of the circumstances of his life, his parents, his places of abode, his friends, his habits, his activities. The reincarnation of a deeper and less characteristic self is not to be denied so easily. Only by some such method, we are told, can the racial self such as we see in animals pass by way of the more distinct but still not quite individual self of civilised man on and on until it becomes a pure and perfect creation which can nevermore be mingled and confounded with the "all-soul" of the universe. The confinement of the flesh produces the perfection of personality, which is the aim of life, and which, without that imprisonment, would have remained but a vague flux and reflux of obscure forces. But the war of life, the struggle in these narrow surroundings, is bitter, and after death for a time at least comes sleep.

When one thinks of the strange contradictions of our mortal life, the hopelessly antagonistic elements, the warring of passions, the shattering of ideals, the stupor of monotony: the soul like a bird shut in a



cage or with bright wings dragged in the mire; the horrible sense of sin which torments some people, the mad impulses which tyrannise over others; the alternations of one's own personality on different days, or at different depths and planes of consciousness; the supraliminal and the subliminal; the smug Upper-self, with its petty satisfactions and its precise and precious logic, and the great Under-self now rising (in the hour of death) like some vast shadowy figure or genius, out of the abyss of being—when one thinks of all this one feels that if there is to be any sanity or sequence in the conclusion, it must mean a long period of brooding and reconciliation, and even of sleep.

After a time the soul arises, a giant refreshed, and sets about its work, either once more on earth, or in more ethereal places. But what that work is and wherein it lies a charm so great that the happiest man dreaming of it may turn his face to the wall contentedly, are points which are not here elucidated. For the inadequacy of the delights of heaven, once heaven ceases to be regarded as a perfected material earth, is a thing which has paralysed all the philosophies.

We have sketched some of the lines of thought in this volume at a considerable length because they exhibit not only a very original plan and many unusual arguments, but also a sincere attempt to reconcile the theories of science with the modern mystical attitude. Fifty years ago, as Mr. Carpenter points out, science was thought to have explained away all grounds of belief; people talked about dead worlds and a mechanical universe. Now science has proceeded to the opposite extreme. So little is the universe beyond our ken an empty void that our bodies seem rather a veil betwixt our confined life and a far richer and more various existence behind. So little is life regarded now as a mere mechanism that the minutest cells are said to be sentient, creative and self-willed beings, with pains and pleasures and purposes of their own. Upon this scientific view Mr. Carpenter has raised the speculative structure of his book. Yet after all, greatly as the newer dreams transcend the old Victorian scientists' gloomy prognostications, are they not a substitution of a very complicated for a comparatively simple mechanism of life? Is not the difference largely one of detail, and is not the new idea of the after-life with its transcendental rhapsodies about the great deeds of the liberated soul and the picture of a heaven like a laboratory in which the chemicals make endless experiments upon each other—is not this prospect almost as unsatisfying to the mind as that of peaceful annihilation? In the end we are driven to take all these theories, however exact and scientific, as figuratively as we take the poet's dream; for to take them in sober earnest both the imagination and the sense of humour refuse point blank. Nevertheless, if Mr. Carpenter has not given us a creed (and we are perhaps too ready nowadays to look for a creed in every theorising volume), he has given us a brilliant and original book, which reveals the best of the typical qualities of our age.

## The Ambition of King Murat.

*Napoleon and King Murat. A Biography Compiled from Hitherto Unknown and Unpublished Documents.* By ALBERT ESPITALIER. Translated from the French by J. LEWIS MAY. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"IN the present conditions of historical research," writes M. Espitalier in his preface, "when not a day passes but some new work is published, some hidden document unearthed, it would indeed be a bold man who would dare to claim finality for his achievement." Many hundreds of books have been published on Napoleon from every conceivable point of view, and though we cannot claim finality even for M. Espitalier's scholarly work, it is, nevertheless, of so full and thorough a nature, so rich in historical research, so abundant in fresh and valuable material, that the present volume cannot be otherwise than authoritative on the subject the author has made so completely his own. It is, however, essentially a book for the student, and is not written from a popular point of view. It contains no purple patches, no little excursions into the picturesque. In quiet and sober language M. Espitalier has revealed the extraordinary relationship between Napoleon and Murat. He is writing of one who betrayed his Emperor and his country, but allows no bitter condemnation to sully his pages. He weighs Murat in the balance of French and Italian opinion, and leaves the student to note the fall or rise of the scales.

Murat's most marked characteristic was undoubtedly his vanity, and it was vanity that made him seek every opportunity for self-aggrandisement. Vanity, too, made him blind to his own shortcomings, and quickened the absurd belief that he was as illustrious as his great master. He had dreamed of sitting upon the Spanish throne, and chafed when Napoleon did no more for him than make him King of Naples, "tossed to him as alms to a mendicant." But Murat, though an incomparable *sabreur*, had nothing of real kingship about him. His talk of "an Italy united and free" was of no real significance, for he served neither France nor Italy. He was a traitor to the one and a puppet to the other. He loved flattery, and hungered after the "vivas" of his people, but he lived solely to gratify his own ambition. "He came to Italy," writes M. Espitalier, "as a stranger, and his sole aim in fostering the ideal of Italian unity was to afford himself a means of gratifying his ambition and exalting his vanity—that vanity which the party of Freedom always knew how to exploit for the advancement of their cherished aims."

Murat was certainly in leading-strings, and Napoleon held the strings with a firm hand. "With all his puny force he had striven without avail to cast off Napoleon's suzerainty. He was too eager for power to content himself with being, in Berthier's phrase, a 'viceroy,' too ambitious to be satisfied with the position of a subordinate. He must needs figure among the foremost, and second to none." We watch the evolution of Murat with ever growing interest. We note his impor-

tunities, his excuses, and his subservient but insincere letters to Napoleon. Now we see him "resplendent in his sixteenth-century hunting costume, his white-plumed bonnet à la Henri IV, and his yellow boots," and now as an almost ridiculous figure in the Sicilian fiasco.

With the rise of the Nationalists we see Murat taking a firm stand against Napoleon, and cutting those leading-strings that galled his vanity. The King of Naples writes to his wife Caroline:—

At present the Emperor is overwhelming me with burdensome conditions, compelling me to put my signature to an unjust treaty and to acknowledge a debt that is unjust still. He curtails my revenue, crushes my trade, paralyses my industries, commands me to undertake a ruinous expedition, orders me to build a fleet, hampers my trade and commercial relations with foreign countries, and, in a word, renders it impossible for me to bear the enormous burden which he lays upon my shoulders.

The Nationalists set to work to increase this animosity. "The leaven of hatred that these men contrived to instil into Murat's mind was the ultimate cause of the betrayal of 1814."

There is not much to commend in Murat's character. If he had remained loyal to his Emperor and stood by him in his hour of need, it is doubtful if history's page would have been altered very much. Long before Murat's betrayal Napoleon's glory was waning. Inexorable Fate dragged him from Elba to France, and gave him a mocking and momentary triumph; but by this time the Fates had grown weary of their toy. Thus M. Espitalier writes in concluding this grim human tragedy: "The Imperial sun was slowly sinking, soon to be quenched in the hopeless night of Waterloo. Of all the Emperor's mighty power, of all his European domination, of the sway which Murat had once wielded over Naples, of the splendid dreams of Italian sovereignty which had once been his, nothing now remained but two lonely, fallen men, and while one was holding on his way to his long exile at St. Helena, the other was setting forth to meet his doom at Pizzo."

## The Rural Labourer at Home

*Change in the Village.* By GEORGE BOURNE. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

THE task of tracing the change of the village peasant into the modern labouring man, the accompanying alterations in his surroundings, the narrowing of his mind in one direction and its widening in another, together with a reckoning up of the faults of the present and the hopes for the future, Mr. George Bourne has here accomplished with thoroughness, patience, good nature, and a gentle, but determined, insistence on unpalatable facts. To say that his book is very interesting when it deals with a subject which must on the surface be unattractive to many people, when the village chosen for the type is without a touch of romance either in

history or situation, and its people are set down before us with all the commonplace sordidness which a casual unimaginative mind might see in them, that alone is high praise.

The labouring man is a familiar figure in our civilisation. Most people are aware that he has a habit of smoking shag, that he sees virtues in the public-house which are not apparent to the cultivated mind, that he walks in an ungainly fashion, carries his lunch in a red handkerchief, often goes unshaven from week-end to week-end, and usually lives in a small, dingy cottage, in the rear of which washing can be seen hung out on several days of the week. A few may know beyond this that he does most of the unpleasant work of the world for very small pay, that his manners towards strangers, particularly of his own class, are often a good deal better, taking them all in all, than those of the middle classes who employ him, that he is a very expert gardener, and that the animosity which he is supposed to feel towards men of property is, as a rule, a myth. All this and very much more Mr. Bourne tells us, chatting in a genial way, and showing himself so little a partisan that he leaves us ignorant of his political views. He takes us into the labouring man's home, shows us in what constrained spaces his family have to live, and how little an exalted ideal of cleanliness is possible there. He shows us the silent heroism of a body of men who can afford to think no toil too exacting or unpleasant, who can never throughout their lives honestly put the pleasure of the moment before the possibility of earning a shilling. Mr. Bourne is not a pessimist, and yet the picture he paints is very drab. It would be hard to imagine anyone wanting to be a modern labourer, and when we have said that we have made a final criticism upon the existence of the labouring class. Life for them involves so many unbreakable rules, orders them to do so many unpleasant things, gives them so little choice as to the time and manner of doing them, and denies them so many pleasures which others deem necessities, that their good humour and energy are among the most powerful arguments to be found for the future greatness of humanity.

Many of the discomforts of the labourer's present position Mr. Bourne attributes to the enclosure of the commons, but it is not to be inferred from this that he indulges in anything like denunciation of property owners. His quarrel, on the whole, is not with the land-owning class, but with the commercial ideal, its over-driven "thrift," its thoughtless use of superfluous machinery to make a hundred unnecessary bad articles where one necessary good thing would have sufficed. Such an indictment belongs rather to philosophy than to practical politics, but the effect of commercial methods upon the labouring man is a ludicrous comment on the current economic. The precise result is that he, with the smallest wages in the community, buys everything at the highest price, because he can buy so little at a time, and because, when there is question of any large outlay, he is driven beyond possibility of practical wisdom to buy what is cheap and rotten.

Into the details of this book it is not necessary for



a review to enter. We have shown its spirit, and its scope is sufficiently indicated by such chapter headings as: Man and Wife, Drink, Ways and Means, The Peasant System, Competition, Humiliation, The Want of Book-Learning, Emotional Starvation, The Children's Need, etc. Of plans for the future Mr. Bourne gives us little; he is modest, and declares himself a friendly, unskilled, unstatistical observer. He aims at showing just what the labouring man is, and with what he has to contend, and he succeeds perfectly.

## Stranger than Fiction

*Four French Adventurers.* By STODDARD DEWEY. Illustrated. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

MR. DEWEY has served up in this volume the extraordinary adventures of a quartet of Frenchmen who are comparative strangers to the average Britisher. His book will, therefore, supply some interesting and, indeed, exciting reading, of a very novel description. We have had many adventurers of our own nationality, but there are few whose lives can boast the same notoriety in their own immediate spheres as can those whose rash, nefarious, and dare-devil careers are recorded in this volume. The materials of Mr. Dewey's work are admittedly taken from Armand Fouquier's "*Les Causes Célèbres*," a collection mainly of French Court documents published in parts at a popular price some fifty or sixty years ago. The researches of later writers have also been laid under contribution, so that the author may claim to have told us all that is known up to the present hour of the four adventurers with whom he deals; as regards some of them there may be more to come hereafter.

First we are introduced to the "Ingenious M. Collet," who starts very young. In the beginning he more or less studies for the Church, then becomes a soldier. After a few years he deserts and turns friar, and in rapid succession, swindling all the time, reappears as officer in the French army, Italian priest, general of Napoleon, bishop, and intendant-general of Napoleon when the latter is away on his Russian campaign. At last he is caught and undergoes five years' imprisonment. On his release he becomes a Christian Brother, but not many months afterwards he is in trouble again and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. He wrote his life, and died just before he would have been a free man once more. He robbed and swindled all with whom he came in contact, not omitting the French Government, whom he defrauded of vast amounts, and always appeared to have plenty of money at his command, whether in prison or out; but search him as you would nothing but small sums were ever found upon him. In that respect he was a living mystery, and his mystery died with him.

Count Pontis de Sainte-Hélène was a genuine French nobleman who fought for Spain in South America. His health failing, he returned to Europe and died, and his family papers fell into the hands of Pierre Coignard, burglar and escaped convict, who by their aid success-

fully impersonated the Count for many years. He served in the French army in Spain, not without distinction, and after Napoleon's fall became a favourite of Louis XVIII. He then resumed his burgling exploits and was ultimately caught by the famous Vidocq, who had been a fellow convict with him. He was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and died in prison when over sixty years old, after having held high positions in the Imperial and Royal Armies.

Mr. Dewey's third adventurer is the so-called Charles de Navarre, a very mysterious young man who professed to be Louis XVII, the son of the guillotined Fils de Saint Louis. There were other young men also who claimed to be the dead or missing dauphin, but Charles de Navarre was for a long while a thorn in the side of Louis XVIII and his ministers. He was put into a lunatic asylum at one time. His ultimate fate seems uncertain. The careers of the two Marsillys, husband and wife, are also full of strange adventures, and the end of the young wife, who died when only twenty-three, is very pathetic. She was married when a young girl of sixteen, and accompanied her fire-eating *beau sabreur* of a husband on all his campaigns. These are true stories which will cast the most exciting fiction into the shade.

## Shorter Reviews

*The Lady of Beauty (Agnes Sorel).* By FRANK HAMEL. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

WHEN one sets out to prove as a fact the surpassing beauty of a certain great lady, it is a little unwise to bring in as evidence such portrayals of her features as are to be found liberally interspersed in these pages. If Agnes Sorel deserved the extravagant epithets lavished upon her by her admirers, contemporary or otherwise, then in charity we are bound to infer that none of the portraits here reproduced represents with anything approaching to accuracy her actual semblance. Be that as it may, she must certainly have been the possessor of a very attractive personality. Like another great lady who occupied a similar place in the affections of Louis XIV to that of Agnes Sorel in those of Charles VII, namely, Louise de la Vallière, she was a "*mitis simplenque columba*," who managed to retain through all the invidiousness of her dubious position that sweet gentleness of character which almost induces one to excuse the magnitude of her offence by the magnitude of her temptation. And there is always the consideration to be taken into account, before pronounc-

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### SONNETS: By A. Pelham Webb

"The Times" says: "These are the work of an accomplished sonneteer, with a finely pictorial imagination and a happy, though sometimes too artificial, gift of phrase."

LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 13, CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.

ing judgment, that this gentle lady was the friend of the poor.

Whatever that judgment be, one cannot now complain of any dearth of available evidence, for in this volume is to be found, not only the story of Agnes Sorel, but the story of her friends, her enemies, her horses, dogs, dresses, in short, everything in any way, however remote, connected with her. In order that the mental picture might be rendered the more complete, we are even given elaborate and detailed accounts of the most minute incidents of the scenes amidst which she moved. And the history does not cease with her death, for we are told all about her children, and about the trial of Jacques Cœur, the silversmith and lapidary, who was falsely accused of poisoning her.

In conclusion we should remind the reader that this book must not be read from the point of view of the scientific historian. "If," says the author, in his preface, "in writing her biography, I have been unduly influenced by the less important works, I can only say, in extenuation of these lapses from the path of authenticated fact, that the feeling inspired by Agnes Sorel's lovable personality tends to disarm the criticism and defy the analytic judgment which should be indispensable weapons in the historian's armoury." For our own part, after a perusal of the biography, we are strongly inclined to accept the extenuation.

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*Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris.* By JOHN JOSEPH CONWAY, M.A. With an Introduction by MRS. JOHN LANE. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

WHAT strikes us particularly whilst reading Mr. Conway's interesting book is the firm basis upon which was established the Franco-American friendship which still continues and develops more and more as the years go by. No better rallying point would have been imagined for two nations so absolutely different as old secular France and young America than that of the Idea of Liberty which they both vindicated at about the same period. What is still more apparent in this excellent book is that it was these same famous Americans—such as Franklin, Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Paul Jones, etc.—who helped in great part the French precursors of the Revolution to disentangle their confused ideas and to realise their wishes and ambitions.

Mr. Conway treats of the famous Americans who have lived in Paris in a most delightful manner. He gives a light amusing sketch of their appearance, physical peculiarities and personality, relating briefly some anecdotes which particularly underline some special trait of character in each one. The benevolent Benjamin Franklin, the severe Governor Morris, the ardent Tom Paine, the genial Robert Fulton—whose first panorama painted by himself gave its name to the Passage des Panoramas on the Boulevards. Paul Jones, the Father of the American Navy and the eager and romantic lover of the Duchesse de Chartres, the immortal John Howard Payne, whom all English-speaking people love for having given us "Home, Sweet Home"—all these and

many more pass in procession before us, wittily and brilliantly described by Mr. Conway. The author is not content to portray figures of the French Revolution—he also presents to us such luminous personalities as, for example, Whistler, of whom he gives a most amusing and captivating portrait. "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris" is not free from banalities, as, for example, the account of the escape of the Empress Eugénie assisted by Doctor Evans, which has been already published in so many different papers and magazines that it slightly palls upon one. The portion of the book devoted to the Latin Quarter is terribly *rabbatu*, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Conway thought it necessary to add it to his otherwise charming work. However, this is but a slight error of judgment and is easily overlooked in the interest one experiences by the description of so many fine and noble characters.

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*Men About Town.* By F. O. L. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)

WITH one or two exceptions—and those possibly for a specific reason—Mr. Humphreys can generally be relied upon to provide us with books that are well worth reading, which also contain at the same time an element of very good wit. The "Men About Town" are decidedly "smart" creations from "Myself" to the few "Last but not Least" who have to agree to share a chapter between them. The names of the celebrities are not disguised; they are there in the full glare of day with all their little idiosyncracies so well known to the reading public. The helpless state of an ordinary man before his tailor—or for that matter of the ordinary woman before her dressmaker—is very aptly described. "When . . . I go to a tailor to be tried on I feel that all my underclothes, as they appear one by one, need to be explained," says our poor would-be purchaser of a new suit after he has searched his wardrobe for his very best, had his hair brushed, his hat ironed, and his face washed with more than usual care. "I cannot think how I came to put on these old rags this morning," he continues. "And this shirt . . . look at those socks. . . . I do wish my wardrobe staff would not be so infernally economical." Mr. Chesterton—the character so dear to the caricaturist and satirist's heart—appears in a delightful conjunction with weather experts, and even the Editor of *Punch* is not allowed to rest in peace. We hope soon to read more from the clever pen of "F. O. L."

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*Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow.* By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. With 36 Plates in Colour and Half-tone. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

M. D'AUVERGNE opens his book with descriptions of the various Cantons and details of their ancient history. To a student this is doubtless very interesting, but we were rather disappointed at so much history; towards the end the book brightens considerably, and is much more modern in tone. Maybe we were rather misled by the title, which is hardly appropriate.



An answer to this criticism might perhaps be that most people are fairly well acquainted with the Switzerland of to-day, and not much can be added by the most industrious writer. In this light the book shows much research, and will add to the modern knowledge of Switzerland and its evolution. The photographs are good, although familiar.

## Fiction

*The Unholy Estate: A Romance of Military Life and a Protest against the Divorce Laws for Women.* By DOUGLAS SLADEN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

As a romance of military life, this book is charming; as a protest against the divorce laws for women we do not think a strong case is made out, but this does not affect the fact that we have a most interesting novel by Mr. Douglas Sladen which is worth a whole library of ordinary six shilling novels.

Tenby, under the name of Flanders, is the *venue* of the first cycle of the book, and Rex Ingleby, then a blue-eyed boy, with his sisters Angela and Mary, children of the Rev. Jno. Ingleby, rector of the place, are spending on the sands there many happy days. Rex climbs the Razor rock and has to be rescued, though he does not know it; but when this is accomplished Angy (Angela) cannot be found, and the nursemaid is in terror, having been flirting, as is the wont of nursemaids. Rex finds Angy by a weird exchange of signals, and says, "Fancy not looking in the drain for Angy!"

The father is a very strong-minded Evangelical "sporting parson" whose character is vividly drawn, especially in the light of after events. Rex attains man's estate and a commission in Garrison Artillery stationed at Pembroke, and falls in love with his cousin Nancy Pendare, who refuses him (although loving him dearly) because her father tells her he (Rex) is her first cousin, and marries instead another cousin in order *inter alia* to join the family estates.

Then the scene shifts ten years later to Cairo, and the trouble begins. This part of the book is fascinating for one well remembers Mr. Sladen's work "The Tragedy of the Pyramids," and his intimate acquaintance with Cairene life. Nancy's husband is in a Hussar Regiment, while Rex has become Commandant of the Egyptian Artillery—a sufficient answer (if it were true) to complaints of want of promotion in our Garrison Artillery.

Tom Oliver flaunts his amours (brutal ones) in his wife's face, and she finally runs away with her first and only love, Rex, with the inevitable consequences. Comparative poverty follows, and then, after a very complicated family history which would require a table of pedigree to follow, all is well. There are many other characters in the book revolving around Nancy and Rex.

We do not like the incident of the Coptic Church, nor the dangers of Caldy Island, which we know are a little overdrawn; but on the whole "The Unholy Estate" will add if need be to Mr. Sladen's reputation as a

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writer. Coming events cast their shadows before; a Welsh Secretary of State, a very brilliant personage, appears in the closing chapters of the book, but behaves very decently under quite trying circumstances.

*Prince and Priest.* By BERYL SYMONS. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

IN this volume Mrs. Symons not only makes her mark as a historical novelist, but she has also conceived a thrilling story of love and adventure that compels the reader's interest from the first page to the last. The Prince is Raymond VI, Count of Toulouse, and the Priest, a Cistercian monk, Pierre of Castelnau, Legate of Pope Innocent III, who bearded Count Raymond in his palace, and finally excommunicated him in the presence of his Court, a scene powerfully and vividly depicted by the author. The groundwork of the story is the persecution and massacre of the Manichæans, or Albigenses, early in the thirteenth century, when a Crusade under Simon de Montfort and other nobles was sent against them by the Pope. As is well known, unexampled barbarity marked the prolonged campaign—it lasted some twenty years, and Mrs. Symons is not sparing of details, especially when describing the storming and practical destruction of Béziers, which became first a shambles and then a crematorium. But her story is by no means one entirely of bloodshed, though murder and sudden death, and the burning of heretics figure

largely in it, as is to be expected when dealing with the South of France at that period.

The reader is also introduced to troubadours, knights-errant, and Courts of Love, and some of the stately dances of the period. Love scenes there are in plenty, as the following, which is redolent of the warm breath of the South:—

There he clasped her to his breast, and kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair, her throat, bruised her with his lips, scorched her with their fire, while she lay helpless in his arms, her eyes closed, and received the storm of his passion into the storm of her own fierce rapture.

But it was, after all, only a flash in the pan, for, this incident apart, the love between Bertrand of Crein and Rosamunde of Tracey remained purely platonic until the latter's husband, Hubert of Gervaudan, got conveniently killed at Béziers. Then "wing'd Cupid" had it all his own way.

"Prince and Priest" is a decided advance on Mrs. Symons' first novel, "A Lady of France," which met with a fair amount of success and is now in a second edition. In preparing her present work the author has evidently taken considerable pains in studying the history and the manners and customs of the period with which she deals.

Among the other historical characters introduced into the story are St. Dominic, founder of the order of the Dominicans and instigator of the Inquisition, and Folques, Bishop of Toulouse. We do not understand why the latter's name is spelt "Foulquet" throughout the story; but that is a mere detail which by no means detracts from the merits of a capital historical novel.

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*Oh! My Uncle.* By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE publishers claim that they have given us in "Oh! My Uncle," a book of "wit, fun, frolic, fairy tale, nonsense verses, satire, comedy, farce, criticism." This seems rather a large amount to be contained within the 215 pages of a fairly large print novel, but it is all there, and Uncle Daddy is a very good type of the person who, keeping his finger on the public pulse, manages so to arrange and order things that mankind sees in him the universal provider of what it thinks it very much desires to have, while, incidentally, "Daddy" fills his pockets. Whether Prime Minister, Society dame, or tramp, they all come to Daddy to be taught the way of success, and provided the funds hold out they are seldom, if ever, disappointed. The love interest is slight but dainty in form, and on the whole we think the book is worthy of, if not a more appropriate, at least a prettier title.

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*The Twins of Suffering Creek.* By RIDGWELL CULLUM. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

ONE expects the breezy accents of the West from Mr. Cullum, and in "The Twins of Suffering Creek" we see

the author at his best. The two outstanding characters are Scipio, the weak, foolish and impossible miner with a heart of gold, and Wild Bill, the typical Western gambler, "handy with his gun," but withal dauntless and true in defence of his helpless friend. Other characters are James, the bad man who attracts Scipio's wife and arouses the undying enmity of Wild Bill. The Homeric combat between Wild Bill and the James gang on the occasion of their attack on the gold stage driven by Wild Bill is one of the strongest scenes in the book. The efforts of Sunny and his friends to attend to the welfare of the twins in their mother's absence at James' retreat are full of quaint humour. Of course Scipio's impossible gold claim turns out trumps in the shape of oil, and the grinding poverty which was the cause of much of the estrangement between Scipio and his wife vanishes on her return to his arms. The twins themselves are amusing without being precocious.

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*The Barmecide's Feast.* By JOHN GORE. Illustrated by ARTHUR PENN. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE Feast is prolonged over no more than a couple of hundred pages, which, actuated by a stern sense of duty, we have strenuously attempted to read through. But we must candidly confess that we have been ignominiously defeated in the endeavour. It is all supposed to be humorous, we presume, but to our palate the Feast proved very small beer indeed, and so insipid that we should verily have died of inanition had we proceeded with another course. So we retired feeling very much depressed towards the middle of the entertainment (?), in spite of Mr. Penn's picture display which shows at least extraordinary imagination.

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## Song Recitals at the Bechstein Hall

THE singing of the Russian, Marie Olénine d'Alheim, must have been a new experience for London concert-goers. Paris, Brussels, St. Petersburg, and Moscow have all come under the spell of the amazing simplicity of her singing, the Byzantine aloofness of her pose, the intense yet restrained exposition of her theme; and in these cities she numbers many fervent and well-nigh fanatic admirers. Although her repertoire ranges over the whole field of masterpieces, she loves more especially songs which have their basis in the popular art of each country. She is most truly wonderful when singing the familiar everyday melodies of the Russian folk-music, whether gathered from the lips of the peasants direct, or passed through the brains of composers like Glinka and Moussorgsky, and poets such as Koutouzov and Lermontov.

The keynotes of Mme. d'Alheim's art are reticence and sympathy. Her desire is to focus the attention of her listeners upon the contents of the poem as shown



in the running commentary of the music, and to attract as little attention as possible to the voice which is the medium by which it reaches them. Needless to say, an aim like this demands the most anxious care in the selection of the songs.

The method adopted in the drawing up of the programme is simplicity itself. The songs are strung together with a real appreciation of their meaning and the value of their sequence; they rise up one by one out of the silence to deliver their message, then sink—not into silence again, but into the storehouse of cherished memories. The singer is not at all an ordinary concert ballad-singer, warbling disconnected sentiments, but someone confiding to us her hopes and fears, the secrets of her life, her innermost thoughts, and not hers alone, but those of a race; the link which binds isolated men and women together in a common comprehension of the pathos of life, and of the irresistible power of simplicity and sincerity in art.

Mme d'Alheim's charming rendering of the masterpieces of song in French, German, and Polish would in any case be one of the principal attractions of the season in which they were heard; but the feature of the recitals recently given in London was undoubtedly the introduction of the music of one of Russia's most misunderstood and least known composers, Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky. His idea of the function of song differs so entirely from that commonly accepted that one can hardly wonder at the hesitation with which his work has been recognised. After a few essays of the ordinary kind, Moussorgsky in "*Niania i ya*" (My nurse and I) made a new departure in song-writing with melodies simple, strange, heart-rending, genuine cries of nature, akin to folk-music in their directness; in doing so, necessarily neglecting rules set down and accepted by musical composers whenever he felt that his subject demanded an entirely different method of expression. Moussorgsky, like the sixteenth century song-writers, understood that the musical setting must spring from the words—in fact, that the words must sing themselves. "Art is the means of conversing with man; it is not an object in itself. Accepting the principle that human speech is subject to musical laws, I see in music not only the expression of feeling by means of sound, but more especially the notation of human language." He had the advantage of living in a country where it is natural for the soul to pour itself forth in song, where the tramp, the peasant, the fisher, the bargee, the artisan, the soldier, student, and prisoner have each their own special music, where every event in the daily life of the people is celebrated in song. He had, moreover, been brought up by an old-fashioned *Niania*; in his babyhood he had been rocked to sleep to the crooning of folk lullabies, and had grown up familiar with the wealth of folk-lore and legend that the mouzhik still possesses. Small wonder, then, that, weary of German and Italian influence on Russian music, he turned his back on St. Petersburg and artificial town life, and retired to Minkino, steeping himself in the life around him, and dwelling upon the most direct

means of expressing the thoughts he wished to communicate to those having ears to hear and the understanding heart. His music is curiously free from mannerism, and shows no fondness for any particular type of effect. In his songs he gives a series of pictures of Russian ways and customs, tragic, hopeless, amusing, or naïve.

After this renewing of an interrupted acquaintance with the music of so original a Russian composer, we are more than ever convinced that any attempt to popularise his work in England by English singers is foredoomed to failure. Not only is a knowledge of Russian necessary to secure his telling effects of rhythm and colour, but without an intimate acquaintance with the life of the country the whole fabric of his art must fall to the ground.

Mme d'Alheim's charming rendering of the master-very great service to this new development in song-writing by founding the *Maison du Lied* at Moscow. A branch of its work, which will interest English composers, is a series of international competitions, of which the entrance for the 6th closes on November 14 of this year. Readers of THE ACADEMY are well aware of the enthusiasm roused by the poems of Burns on the Continent, an enthusiasm which made possible the publication in Paris of the large and important work on the Scottish poet by the late Auguste Angellier. The poet's simplicity and nearness to primitive things will always appeal to the nature lover, even where every feature is different, and his poetry has won its place among Russians. The 3rd competition was for the harmonising of ten songs of Burns to be chosen by the composer, and we regret to learn that not a single British composer entered for it. Prizes are now offered, open to everyone, for piano accompaniments to two thirteenth century French songs, one Russian, one Polish, and one English; the latter may be selected by the composer at will. The *Maison du Lied* has also published a number of Russian folk-songs, which have the advantage of being transcribed by one who is at the same time a musician and an artist.

## Maurice Maeterlinck—II

By FRANK HARRIS.

MAETERLINCK is easily described: a man of about five feet nine in height, inclined to be stout; silver hair lends distinction to the large round head and boyish fresh complexion; blue grey eyes, now thoughtful, now merry, and an unaffected off-hand manner. The features are not cut, left rather "in the rough" as sculptors say, even the heavy jaw and chin are drowned in fat; the forehead bulges and the eyes lose colour in the light and seem hard; still, an interesting and attractive personality.

Maeterlinck's qualities show themselves quickly. He is very ingenuous and sincere, not to say simple, and

quite content to dismiss this subject or that with the ordinary ready-made conclusion:—

"All translations are bad, and resemble the original as monkeys resemble men. When you translate Bernard Shaw into French, he loses all spice; when I see something of mine in English I hardly recognise it. You think my translation of 'Macbeth' poor," he went on; "I only did it because that of François Victor Hugo seemed to me wretched; but then you know no Frenchman can understand Shakespeare, just as no Englishman understands Racine."

I ventured to remark that worse had been said about Racine by French judges than by English: Joubert, for instance, dismissed him contemptuously as "the Virgil of vulgar people"; but Maeterlinck would not have it: "A great poet . . . exquisite verses . . . unforgettable melodies." Such complacent assertions appeared to render argument impertinent.

In the first half-hour's talk, I noticed two peculiarly French traits in Maeterlinck which both have their root, I imagine, in a certain uneasy vanity. He loves to pick holes in his most famous contemporaries and make fun of their weak points. We were talking of the success of his wife (Georgette Leblanc) in Ibsen's "Masterbuilder": someone happened to remark that it was a great play.

"A great playwright, I should prefer to say," corrected Maeterlinck, "on the strength of a single fine play, 'Ghosts.' 'The Masterbuilder' seemed to me a little ridiculous; that 'higher,' 'higher,' of his irresistibly comic. During the rehearsals we all held our sides, aching with laughter; but it went all right, I confess."

"Yes; it went all right," and the grotesque element in it was only visible to envious eyes. But Maeterlinck loves to *blaguer*, though he ought to know that the gods veil themselves from the profane and are not to be seen by those who would hold them up to ridicule.

The second characteristic which Maeterlinck shares with most Frenchmen, and, indeed, with nearly all the Latins, is a habit more easily forgiven. We were all talking of boxing; the French champion, Carpentier, had just beaten the English middle-weight champion, Sullivan, in a fight at Monte Carlo, and beaten him with the utmost ease. To my astonishment Maeterlinck proclaimed himself a devotee of the art—"a fine exercise," he said, "which I practise three or four times a week." And incited, perhaps, by a desire to rebuke my incredulity, he announced his intention, after lunch, of going "to box hard for an hour or so." The idea of a stout man of fifty, after a copious lunch, going out to box struck me as a little ludicrous, though I would not like to say it was impossible if the professional antagonist were well tipped and gifted with a sense of humour.

When not engaged in keeping up his reputation for strength of body and flippant wit, Maeterlinck was very interesting. When one asked him which of his works he liked the best, he replied that he never looked at any of them after publication. "Only a dog goes back to his

vomit," he said. "Once the thing is done, it has no further interest for me."

The question, "What are you working at now?" brought the answer that at fifty it was very hard to begin any "really important work. Though I feel as well as ever I did," he went on, "I know that in the nature of things I cannot expect a much longer lease of health: the blow may fall at any time, or may be delayed for ten years; but it is pretty sure to fall soon, and why should one begin to build a ship which may never reach the sea?"

"Cervantes," I replied, "did his best work after sixty, and some of Goethe's finest lyrics were written when he was over seventy; why should you wish to close the book at fifty?"

"Those were giants," he interjected, "and exceptions. Besides, I have no wish whatever to close the book: I love life, and I go on working very steadily: I only say that I'd find it very difficult now to begin any important book. I mean by that," he added hastily, "a book which would need a considerable time to complete. . . ."

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I am even now working at a sort of faery tale, trying to express the inexpressible, to realise the immaterial and give form to pure fantasy, and so suggest at least meanings beyond the reach of words."

The Maeterlinck who spoke in that way is the same man who wrote in youth the early mystical dramas, and in maturity "Le Trésor des Humbles" and "La Magdalena," the man who, in spite of many weaknesses, has always at command the seduction of the poet and something of the sincerity of the prophet.

And how infinitely better this simple confession is than the habit practised by most English writers of depreciating their art, and the ardour with which they give themselves to its service.

We have only to compare this confession of Maeterlinck's with a characteristic utterance of one of the standard-bearers of the preceding generation to realise at once the distance we have travelled in the last fifteen years. In an interesting article on "La Voyante" and Lourdes, which appeared in 1896, Zola suddenly exclaimed:—

"Ah! cette soif de l'Au-delà, ce besoin du divin." (Ah, this thirst for the Beyond, this need of the divine.)

But instead of studying this extraordinary phenomenon; instead of asking himself whether this need in human nature, this perpetual desire for the divine is not as essential as the need of food (for man does not live by bread alone) the great naturalist concluded simply that the hope was a mirage, the thirst imaginary, the longing, a delusion.

And now towards the end of his life Maurice Maeterlinck is tormented by the obsession just to give artistic form to this obscure and persistent desire which is stronger than the reason and more enduring, the thirst for something beyond ourselves and above.



## The Business-Man in Art

By HENRY STACE.

SINCE artists cannot live on the dew that falls from heaven, and are not invariably possessed of private means, and since almost all forms of art are marketable commodities, the place of the business-man in the world of art is fairly apparent. At his best he is a beneficent intermediary, a powerful being who brings the artist and the public together, enriching the one and—one hopes—elevating the other. You, the artist, are producing gems of art: deathless poems, glorious pictures, heavenly music, and while not employed in these exalted activities you require, not only bread-and-butter, but truffles and champagne, handsome houses, motor-cars, and Continental tours. You know that a profusion of these good things is the very least the public owes you in return for the priceless result of your labours; but you observe a certain hesitation on the part of the said public in performing its obvious duty. So you call into existence the business-man: the literary agent, the theatrical manager, the music publisher, and the art dealer, and give him to understand that his function is to persuade the public that it wants the works of art which you are producing, and that it must pay handsomely for the gratification of its desires.

It would be seemly in the business-man if he would humbly do as the artist bids him, if he would play the propagandist, and drill the public into desiring what the artist is willing to produce. But he will not do this. He declares that he knows what the public wants, and that the author does not, and, further, that the public will pay for what it wants, and for nothing else. He says that he understands business, that he has access to markets, and that, while he may or may not understand the high principles of art, nature and experience have endowed him with a singular nicety in discriminating between what is saleable and what is not.

And the artist finds that the business-man is apparently master of the situation, having ready to his hand the all-powerful weapon of economic necessity. He says to the artist: "My business is to buy and to sell. It is a business which I thoroughly understand, and you do not. I buy what I know that I can sell. Your function is to manufacture what I want, that I may sell it and share the proceeds with you. It is for me, and not for you, to specify what the article shall be." The artist replies: "You are a low fellow; your ideals are base; you are asking me to prostitute my genius to the many-headed beast for the sake of filthy lucre. In short, you are a mere tradesman." The business-man has the last word. He replies: "Just so. I *am* a tradesman, and, as such, I deal only with the manufacturer who can supply me with the articles in which I can do a good trade. If you can supply me, you shall have the champagne and motor-cars which you demand. If not, you can live on the approval of your artistic conscience, or starve." The artist despises the business-man more than ever—but he rarely starves.

He sulks for a short time, and yields. As soon as he has yielded he finds that the business-man is as good as his word. His novels sell by the hundred thousand copies. His "well-made plays" run for five hundred nights. His musical compositions issue in shrill notes from the bunched-up lips of errand-boys. His pictures are hung on the line at the Academy, and are afterwards purchased for two thousand guineas by provincial municipalities. He has his motor-cars, his handsome houses, his truffles and champagne, and he alters his opinion of the business-man. He thinks him an excellent fellow, who has brought him fame and fortune. To suit his altered practice, he constructs a new code of artistic morals. He declares that popularity is, after all, the real test. He is a servant of the public. And the great public, if dull and slow, has a fundamental wisdom which tells in the end.

Superficially, and for a time, the arrangement appears to work well. The artist is belauded and enriched, the business-man is justified of his wisdom, and the public has what it is assumed to want, since it will pay for it. But your artist, after all, is a provoking, inconstant creature. His conscience, after long repression, has a trick of reviving. He has an irritating habit of originality, which leads him to take up novel, unheard-of points of view. A new generation of him arises, and wantonly tries to upset this comfortable arrangement which has worked so well.

The new generation of artists levels its indictment against the business-man. "You have taken this or that branch of art into your hands," it says, "and you have ruined it. You forced your dramatic authors to write the plays that you could sell, and our theatre has become a lifeless thing. The novels which you commission may sell by the hundred thousand copies, your musical comedies may run for five hundred nights, your Academy pictures may still be bought by municipal bodies; but all these things have become the derision of the judicious. The art products which you sell have become a byword, and their authors have to eat the bread of shame."

The business-man is not disturbed. He says that he has heard all this before, and it has not availed. The public is on his side. The artists of the new generation may rage furiously together; but they will come to heel, as their predecessors did.

But the new generation of artists takes itself seriously. It is not to be repressed. It pursues its indictment against the business-man. "When a new art-form arises," it declares, "you throttle and destroy it. Some years ago the exquisite art of the short story arose in England. You smelt money. You seized the new art-form in your dirty paws, you reduced it to a business, and you have destroyed it. Look at your popular magazines. How often does a short story of any merit appear amid the waste of inane fiction?"

"My magazines sell," says the business-man.

"See what you have done with the new art of the kinema-theatre!" says the artist. "There was a new form of dramatic art—crude, perhaps, but with possi-

bilities. You seized it before it was well born, and you have destroyed it. It is no longer an art; it is an absurdity. The very groundlings chuckle and guffaw at what are meant to be the tragic and moving passages in your ridiculous kinema-dramas."

"My kinema-theatres are full all day," says the business-man.

Then the artist makes his deadliest thrust. "Go to!" he says: "You are not even a good business-man. You do not understand the public. You recognise only its idlest and basest tastes, and you affront it by assuming that it has none other. Look at your well-made plays! They are beginning to fail. There is no longer any money to be made in drawing-room adultery-plays. And there is a market for real art which you have never even attempted to supply."

The business-man is hurt. "But you cannot do without me," he says. "Yes, I can," says the artist. "How? I shall be my own business-man!"

This amuses the business-man, because he is quite certain that the artist is a mere child in business. Oddly enough, the artist, strange mixture of humility and vanity that he is, has always hitherto believed this, too. He has been told innumerable times that he is quite incapable of learning to transact his own business, and he has humbly accepted the statement as true. He has even been proud of his supposed incapacity, as showing that he is a sublime creature, too fine for sordid details. It was this belief of his that made him invent the business-man to help him.

But the business-man required the artist to prostitute himself too basely, and the artist did not like it. He has begun to reconsider the matter. He remembers William Morris, the artist-tradesman, and he is beginning to say: "Why should I, with my artistic insight and my superior brains, be incapable of understanding business? I will give my attention to it, and in all probability I shall find that I can beat the business-man on his own ground."

He has been giving his attention for some time now to his own business, and he is succeeding. He is already finding that the public is not half so stupid as the business-man declared, and that, so far from resenting being offered something rather high and difficult, it is pleased and flattered by the compliment to its intelligence. In the "Literary Year-Book" we find, after a famous dramatic author's name, this significant statement: "Agent, none; transacts his own business." And from the theatrical posters we learn that "Fanny's First Play" has passed its four hundred and fiftieth performance. At the Kingsway Theatre we find an author of supposedly impossible intellectual plays who is the cleverest and one of the most successful theatrical managers in Europe. We find the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and the Repertory Theatre in Manchester flourishing under the direction of persons who are primarily and flagrantly artists. In Liverpool, in Glasgow, and elsewhere we find the beginnings of similar successful enterprises. We find Mr. H. G. Wells amusing

an immense public with apparently fantastic tales of men who sleep for two hundred years, and of magic powders which produce giant growths, and at the same time deliberately and openly administering strong doses of artist-philosophy, without any symptoms of revolt on the part of the public. Considering all these and many other portents, we begin to suspect that the artist in England is in process of working out his own salvation without any assistance from the business-man who has held him so long in subjection.

## The East: The West

I LOOKED aside through the window where the young-green willow branches, to use a Japanese phrase, almost smoked in uneasiness like the love-touched heart of a girl, when our talk (nothing better than an informal talk on art and poetry to fill an hour of an April afternoon already grown gold and slow) flagged; we three found a haven from the city's noise by a little table at the restaurant off Ginza, the Boulevard of Tokyo. My friend-composer finished his cup of tea, and took up again his talk where he had left off.

"Once I made the late Mr. K., the well-recognised Japanese musician connected with the Kabukiza Theatre, listen to the tune of Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home.' What did he say, do you suppose, when it was over? You are mistaken to think his musical mind rightly responded when he appeared fallen in meditation; he said to my amazement: 'That was very grand.' And he said further that he would like to play it, for instance, at the scene first or last, where many samurais in formal dress, sitting in perfect order, were ready to speak their greeting of New Year's Day to their lord just stepped out from within; indeed, that was what I never expected to hear. However, I was amused to think it was another instance to prove how differently in music the Japanese mind, at least, the old Japanese mind, is pleased to work from the West; you can imagine how mystified he looked when I told him about the nature of the tune I had played him."

This delightful talker looked upon me as if he wanted my word of endorsement; my mind grew at once alive, being given an interesting subject even for serious consideration; and I said:

"I had my own experiences not only once when I found myself in exactly the same situation as that Mr. K.; it was in the earlier days of my American life, when my exotic Japanese mind was still far from being acclimatised in the West. Once in New York, my American friend took me one evening to a certain Webber and Field to see the so-called artists in the 'cake-walk'—whether they were negroes or whites I



hardly remember now—that fantastic way of step on the stage most popular in those days. I knew that I could not help laughing when I saw the players with stove-pipe hat red or blue, with ribboned huge cane in hand, leaping across the stage like vagarious spirits who had dethroned themselves of their own free will; but once when I closed my eyes to give my sense of hearing full play, what do you suppose? I confess that my tears strangely fell without being called. My friend said sarcastically: 'Is it a Japanese way to cry when you are jolly?' When he meant that we Japanese often act in the reverse, and generally speaking, that we are paradoxical people by nature, I think that somehow he hit the right mark; but I dismissed the whole thing without answering him, because it was a question too complicated to explain in one breath. And I am sure that he would have asked me why, even if I had told him simply that the music merry to him sounded to me sadly."

"Dr. C., you know, the German professor at the Musical College," my friend-composer interrupted me, as, doubtless, he wished to say something before he forgot it, "most savagely denies even to-day after twenty years' residence here, our having any harmony in music; but the fact is that our Japanese mind is most deliciously, tenderly, sadly moved where the Western mind finds it most unsatisfactory. Listen to a shamisen music (which is said in the West to be nothing more than a noise wild or primitive at the best) in a little lyrical tune, for instance, with the song which you (Yone Noguchi) translated."

Our Japanese mind, I believe, through the hereditary sense of hearing which is suddenly awakened by the shrill of a ghost in tune of this shamisen, the three-stringed instrument, not wild to us, but suggestive, not primitive but quite complex, will soon become impassioned into imagination; I dare say that we shall feel even a physical pain from love that the tune inspires, the love intensified into a feeling of sensuality. It is at such a moment when we forget the world and life, and pray to enshrine ourselves in love; why is it the shamisen does make us feel so, while having no power at all to command the foreign mind?

"Not only in our sense of hearing"—I again resumed the chance to speak—"the other senses, whether they be five or ten, also work quite differently from those of the Westerners; and I cannot forget one instance to make me think that the American sense of seeing is a thing of a different order; that was the case of Sada Yacco and her company when they presented to the San Francisco audience, well, long ago, the sad scene of the farewell of Kusnoki and his little son. We thought it most strange when the saddest part to us Japanese made almost no impression on the American mind; of course, their ignorance of the Japanese language counted a great deal; but when the sad facial expression of the Japanese players was taken as that of violence or anger, we thought that the matter was altogether hopeless."

"Does not such misunderstanding of the East with the West or the West with the East," ventured my other friend at the table, "exist also in literature and poetry?"

"I myself experienced as a writer in English that my own meaning or imagination was often wrongly taken; I can say at least that I found frequently that they were not fully understood; although it might be true, as a certain English critic commented on me the other day with his learned authority, that I relied too much upon the words, that is to say, that I attempted to make them express too many colours and meanings. I dare say (is it my Oriental pride?) that the Western minds are not yet wide open to accept our Japanese imagination and thoughts as they are. It is a short cut, I have often thought, to look in a book of English translations from the Japanese, when we want to know the exact weakness of the English language and literary mind. Last night, before I went to bed, I opened the pages of English translation of our *hokkus*, wherein the following piece was declared to be the most delicate:—

Thought I, the fallen flowers  
Are returning to their branch;  
But lo! they are butterflies.

While I do not say that that is particularly poor, I never thought before, like many another Japanese I am sure, it was so good as a Japanese poem; if it means anything, it is the writer's ingenuity perhaps in finding a simile; but I wonder where is its poetical charm when it is expressed thus definitely. Definiteness is one of the English traits, I believe; and, again, it is the strength of the English language and letters, but it is strange enough that it turns at once to weakness when applied to our Japanese thoughts and fancies of indefiniteness. To call the Japanese language ungrammatical, the Japanese mind vague, does no justice to them; their beauty is in their soaring out of the state of definiteness. Sadness in English is quite another word from joy or beauty; it is very seldom that it expresses the other; but more often in our Japanese poetry they are the same thing; but with a different shade. 'Sadness in beauty or joy' is a phrase created comparatively recently in the West; even when sadness is used with the other in one breath, it is not from our Japanese understanding; for us Japanese, the words never exist apart from our colour and meaning. Not only in language but also in real life's action, is it so; it was the art of poetry of Monzaemon Chikamatsu, the great Japanese dramatist, that he made the cases of double tragedy of two unfortunate lovers (this most favourite subject) most beautiful and joyous; for them it was a joy and beauty to go to death through love. We have a phrase: 'We cry with our eyes, and smile in heart.' As we have no right expression, let us admit for a little while the phrase 'the paradoxical Japanese'; such a main trait of the Japanese makes it difficult for the Western mind to understand us; and again it is why our poetry is a sealed book in the West."

YONE NOGUCHI.

## The Theatre

### "Find the Woman" at the Garrick Theatre

THE question whether the romance of the stage ought to be clouded by plays with a reformatory purpose will not be fully answered in our day. In the meantime the effort to teach and incidentally draw the public makes a difficult affair for the writer of plays. Mr. Charles Klein, however, appears to have taken the burden on his shoulders without fear. He has said in his soul: Be a reformer, but be gay; right the wrong, but write with tact and cunning; use flesh and blood and actual facts, show the wickedness of things in general, but end happily and lightly.

In the play which has run for many successful years in America, and which Mr. Bouchier produced last Monday, he has not reached his ideal, but he has nearly captured it once or twice. The "Third Degree," American title, or "Find the Woman," English version, is full of excitement; situation leaps upon situation after a fashion which has always won the heart of the unsophisticated. Very, very often the artificiality of the characters, the stilted language, the long-spun arguments, and the carefully planned situations echo the once popular melodrama of which Charles Reade, with the aid of very explicit exponents, was considered a master. But much of the theatricality of the "Third Degree" is mitigated by the admirable methods of Miss Vanbrugh, as the tortured but resourceful wife of the victim of the police system, and of Mr. Bouchier as the generous heavy-weight champion of the Bar, who, after much effort, makes everybody happy. These delightful actors are admirably supported; but Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. James Carew, Mr. Bunston, and the rest of an excellent cast are not allowed by Mr. Klein to be quite human, and thus, clever as they are, they do not live. Mrs. and Mr. Bouchier have now and then opportunities of deeply interesting us, but the secret boredom of "Find the Woman" is deeply rooted in the fact that the play lacks sincerity from beginning to end. The tragedies of life, which most of us know, are horrific enough, but they are not so candidly contrived, so absolutely of the theatre. It is not a compliment to London, but no doubt the play will be immensely popular. The first-night audience appeared wild with delight. But to the student of the stage as it is, "Find the Woman," after a play like the "Fire Screen," for example, is most retrograde to our desire. And then, too, it seems a little impertinent for the English stage, to criticise American police methods, while, I dare say, our own, like other mundane matters, are not perfection. Yet this foreign, if laudable, attempt for reform is the only justification for "Find the Woman," for we are, alas! unable to sympathise with characters so utterly of the stage stagey. Miss Vanbrugh and Mr. James Carew alone affected, to some extent, the American intonations and pronunciation of the tongue used in

common with ourselves. This was a pleasant circumstance, and in itself made one wish with the vast excited audience that "Find the Woman" may have a fortunate future.

### "Ann" at the Criterion Theatre

SINCE the days of Miss Lena Ashwell's management at the Kingsway we have learned to expect brilliant plays by new authors, and hopes were freely entertained in regard to Mr. Worrall's "Ann." On Tuesday these anticipations were put to the test, and some at least of the audience were not amused. Miss Renée Kelly, the Ann Anning of the play, bore the whole weight of the undertaking, and hardly proved equal to so gigantic a labour. But she worked hard and with a high spirit. It is possible that an actress with the charm of, say, Miss Lottie Venn, when that lady was a girl in the eighties of the last century, might have carried such a curious comedy to a successful issue; in the present case things were otherwise. The son of a Dean, Edward Hargraves, played by Mr. Basil Hallam, has written a novel the success of which is not accounted for in the extracts we have read. Ann, an American journalist of a type not very common in real life, has read and reviewed his book and fallen in love with the unknowing, the rose-white youth of the author. The father and mother of the novelist would like him to marry the daughter of a Canon so that he may write better novels. This seems a little absurd, but it is as nothing to the hopelessly ridiculous matters that follow. Mr. Worrall makes great play with the impossible adventures of Ann and the peculiar scent she uses, her not too seductive loosened hair, her thick-and-thin determination to have Edward Hargraves for a husband, and to drag him from the side of the Canon's daughter, Evangeline, to whom he is so slightly attached. The way Ann captures Edward, she means his mother, Mrs. Hargraves (charmingly played by Miss Fay Davis), uses to set matters straight, is told in a somewhat unpleasant manner. Everybody wants to enjoy it, the author and Miss Kelly wish us to be amused, but the result is like a dinner party when the cooks have failed. The comedy, if that graceful title may be used, unfortunately leaves no impression of pleasure, no sense of truth, no hint of inevitability, on the mind. The excellent American accent of Miss Renée Kelly, and her self-consciousness and tricks of expression—these certainly remain, but they do not make for joy. Hardly a phrase seems worth restating, no situation is at once logical and amusing. Miss Fay Davis has a few happy lines. She says of the Dean, when he thinks ill of his son in connection with Ann: "The better the man the worse he thinks." That is not wonderful, but it is among the few effective points of the dialogue. Mr. Worrall should do better next time, for he has great advantages—he is bold and young.

The Persian fantasy by Mr. Clifford Bax, "The Poetasters of Ispahan," given in conjunction with "Ann," has already been noticed in these columns, so



it is enough to say that it is well worth seeing again, for everything that even hints at the art of that delicious country is worth consideration.

## The Irish Players at the Court Theatre

LAST week we referred to the rival tendencies of poetic and prose drama that seem sometimes to be competing for control at the Abbey Theatre. Exactly how far poetic drama is justified in using a non-metrical medium is a separate matter in itself, and one that an increasing number of workers and watchers are beginning to answer in favour of the old unquestioned identity of poetry and metre; but in the deeper sense the issue lies between the intuitive and essential or the passing and photographic. Ibsen claimed for himself that he was "more poet and less social philosopher than people generally seem inclined to think." If so, the fault was his own; but the fact remains that if his work takes its rank as anything more than a dramatic journalism it will be by virtue of the poet in him. Each age has its own journalists and social philosophers; but the poet belongs to all ages. The Abbey Theatre would never have been the urgent thing it was if only prose drama had needed housing; nor would it have won Continental (indeed, bi-Continental) distinction had its chief concern been with prose drama. In that case it would have been no better than the average London West End theatre, save in the matter of simpler staging and purer acting. But its distinction has been won by virtue of a clear poetic challenge, to which men have rallied all the time they were repeating on their lips the stale formula that poetic drama is dead.

It would be a pity of pities if this glory were to pass from them. Mr. Lennox, as we mentioned last week, is happily shaking himself free from this journalistic attitude towards his work (which was all the happier in his case, because as a photographer he was apt to choose cynical points of view), and feeling his way towards the more essential things. But the most emphatic example of merely prose drama, with the addition of an outworn Fabian didacticism, is "Mixed Marriage," by Mr. St. John Ervine. It was first seen in London last year, and we spoke then of its undeniable knowledge of the acute influence of politico-religious (for one side is as political in its inspiration and intentions as the other) division of society on the most intimate family relationships; and the disaster that that influence inevitably brings in its train. The story of the tough, unhealthy-minded bigot, John Rainey, who would rather see Belfast swimming in human blood than his son married to a Papist, and whose attitude towards that son is just of that harsh brutal sort most calculated to turn **any healthy-spirited fellow into a debauchee**, is, by its nature, so remote in itself from the course and passage of nature as to defy simple attention. It has nothing of that cosmic scope that made such a social situation as that which Antigone faced into a play as live now as

the day in which it was written. It might perhaps have been done by placing the chief weight on the lovers: but that clearly was the very reverse of what Mr. Ervine intended. In another situation the psychology of a man in John Rainey's position might have provided that interest; but, in the first place, as we have said, the situation was too perverse, and in the second John Rainey is just a brutal, obstinate man, with no more than one idea in his head, and that a sufficiently uninteresting one. There is no scope for the poetry of idea or the poetry of character in that.

Even in the field of simple observation, however wisely the concatenation might have been chosen, there would not have been a dramatic interest in the situation without the addition of some or other extra. This Mr. Ervine was right in recognising; and he properly so chose the angle of interest that we are left with the moral lesson that bigotry mars all human happiness on the earth, and with the political lesson that bigotry, more than anything else, is ever ruining the unity and good of Ireland. Now all drama has such inferences that it casts to right and to left as it proceeds on its way; but they are drawn from some bigger human relation, whereas, in "Mixed Marriage" they are the business of the play. The dramatist embraces the pamphleteer; indeed, he takes many pamphleteers, even of opposing and hostile schools, in the one embrace; but Mr. Ervine, oppressed with Fabian academics, is mainly pamphleteer and journalist, and chiefly concerned with sapless prose things.

For this reason Michael O'Hara is as essential to the play as John Rainey. He and Rainey are the two pivots on which the play swings; in fact, he is far more the opponent of Rainey than his son Hugh, who is in love with the Papist Nora Murray. It is he who stands for the bigger thing that John Rainey's bigotry more mars than his son's marriage and happiness. It is he who says, "Aw, but selfishness is the curse o' the wurl'. An' it's the curse o' Irelan' more nor anny other country," even as it is he who, shortsightedly, asks Hugh Rainey to give up his love so that his father's attitude towards conciliation might continue. Even as John assumes the one attitude throughout the play, so Michael assumes another; and they oppose each other with Hugh's and Nora's love between them—the lovers being the only sensible, and poetic, people in the whole ruck. For those who find interest in philosophy's dead categorical disquisition of live issues here is the conflict that Hegel insisted on as the prime requisite of drama: here far more than as between Hugh and his father. They both stand for fixed ideas. Neither of them understands the thing he pretends to represent: for O'Hara talks of selfishness, like a good many other people, without in the least degree understanding what it is, while Rainey stands for religion, and remains a man who never in all his life had the remotest sight of the beauty of religion. They are neither of them human; the most human person in it all is Mrs. Rainey, who fusses about among these points of view in a very pitiful desire to preserve peace.

All this material Mr. Ervine uses cleverly—and would use more cleverly still if he were to compress the first two acts into one, and give the play a compacter form. The pistol-shot at the end is not so much tragedy as catastrophe, in both meanings of the word. But the play does not depend on its tragedy any more than it depends on its strict dramatic intention. In other words, it is not compact of drama so much as observation and a moral lesson. It is easy to retort that it is life: the word is thrown about among us, and means many and wonderfully different things. Our deeper interest at the moment is that it stands representative of a type of play that, dealing with other parts of the earth, one sees more than enough of in the journalistic drama of great cities. It is not of that loftier discipline of drama that one found, among the older school, in "Countess Cathleen" or "The Playboy of the Western World" on the one hand, and "The Rising of the Moon" in simpler comedy, or, in the work of younger men, Mr. Murray's "Birthright." The change was the more marked because the evening closed with "The Rising of the Moon."

### The Incorporated Stage Society

HAVING seen Miss Horniman's excellent Manchester company at the Coronet Theatre a few weeks ago, it was with pleasurable expectation that we attended a matinée given by the same company on Tuesday last, at the Aldwych Theatre. The first play chosen was entitled "Mary Edwards." There was only one scene, and that was laid in the house of Lord Anne Hamilton in the time of the eighteenth century. We do not know whether it is the daintiness of the old costumes or the courtly manners of the period, but somehow or other there always seems to be an irresistible charm about these plays which the modern ones do not possess. Lord and Lady Hamilton have the stage to themselves nearly the whole of the time, and the play between them is very fine indeed. Lady Hamilton gently remonstrates with her husband for his extravagance, and for wasting her large fortune which he took charge of at the time of her marriage. Hearing that even then the bailiffs are in the house, in order that the property shall revert to her and her son, she burns her marriage lines, and as there are no other records of the rite, she goes forth to the world as Mary Edwards once again, in spite of the pleading of her selfish spouse. Irene Rooke as Mary Edwards and Milton Rosmer as Lord Anne Hamilton achieved a great success.

"Hindle Wakes," a play in three acts by Stanley Houghton, is written on well-worn lines. Nathaniel Jeffcote has risen to fame and fortune as a Lancashire manufacturer. In his employ is Christopher Hawthorn, his boyhood's chum, who, not having Jeffcote's ambition, has been content to serve all his life, and live in a cottage, while his master occupied a house "with very many spare rooms." Alan Jeffcote, the young son and heir, one day meets Christopher's daughter Fanny at Blackpool, and takes her to Llandudno, where they stay

together for the week-end. In different ways the knowledge of their outing comes to both their parents, and Jeffcote insists upon his son giving up Beatrice Farrar, the girl to whom he is engaged, and marrying Fanny. Fanny, however, saves the situation and refuses to marry Alan, and the curtain rings down upon Alan going to try and make his peace with Beatrice.

It would appear that much could come from such a plot as this, but in such capable hands as those of the Manchester Players there were very few dull moments. Ada King as Mrs. Hawthorn was splendid, and the one complaint we make is that she only appeared in the first and last acts. When it is remembered that this actress took the part of the stately Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," and acted it to perfection, it is seen how well these players adapt themselves to suit the varied characters they interpret. Miss Edyth Goodall, also, as Fanny the Lancashire lassie, is difficult to recognise as the same one who took the part of Kate Hardcastle, also that of Nurse Price in "Cupid and the Styx." Mr. Herbert Lomas as Nathaniel Jeffcote did not please us quite so much. He seemed afraid to lose himself entirely in his part, and on the one or two occasions when he did really let himself go he pulled up with a jerk as if he had done something which he ought not to have done. It was also not easy at all times to hear his lines. With this exception the play was excellent, and we can safely predict a most cordial reception for it when it is presented to an audience who know how to enjoy to their full extent the Wakes that we in the South possibly do not appreciate as they are appreciated by the workers of the North.

### The Pioneer Players

THE performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, on Sunday evening last, gave the Pioneer Players an exceptional opportunity which they availed themselves of in a most capable manner. Mr. Shaw's play has been a cause of divided camps, but whatever may be thought of the advisability of staging it, there is no question as to the opening it gives for the art of its interpreters. Miss Gertrude Kingston and Miss Ellen O'Malley, in the difficult and strenuous parts of Mrs. Warren and her daughter, held the attention of the large audience irresistibly, and as the impressionable Frank Mr. Charles Maude allowed no points to escape him, although at one moment his efforts were nearly baulked by the threatened collapse of a stage tree. The other characters were in the equally good hands of Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, Mr. Stanley Turnbull, and Mr. Whitby, and the little company thoroughly earned their ovation.

As to the play, we need not discuss it at length. As usual, and as we have before indicated in these columns, Mr. Shaw's points are made with such a generous use of exaggeration that a moderately close scrutiny strips them of their chief value and spoils them as serious.



arguments; at the same time, we are free to admit that were the theatre-going public able and willing to make the necessary heavy discounts, the picture of the miserable Mrs. Warren, wealthy, yet having not the shadow of love from any of the poor deluded fools who follow her and purchase her simulated, pitiful affection, might well do good rather than harm.

## The Poetry Society

AT Clifford's Inn Hall, on Monday evening last, Mr. Darrell Figgis gave a sincere and exceptionally interesting lecture on "The Sanction of Poetry"—a title which, we gather from his explanation, may be taken to mean the "divine right" of poetry. Mr. Figgis took the highest possible view of the position of the poet, placing him, as singer of immortal harmonies, and one who writes, perceiving clearly things not seen save by the truer vision of the spirit, on a level with or even above the priest. Emphasising the fact that this almost psychic power dwelt, probably, in all, though few were sufficiently aware of its existence to lift themselves above the normal in these matters, the lecturer proceeded to discuss the peculiar quality and extent of this super-normal vision, and pointed to the Irish as a race where poetry was inherent in every-day life and converse, and where poetic imagery, far from being ridiculed, came naturally to the lips. We cannot in the brief space at our disposal do more than thus indicate the general scheme of a thoroughly thought-out and capable discourse which held the unbroken attention of the audience from beginning to end. A lively discussion followed, in which several members expressed their diverse views, varying from a defence of the purely "scientific" explanation of poetry as "words strung together" to the opinion that the true poet's vision held him so enwrapt that to him the outer world became the less real. It proved a profitable and enjoyable evening, worthy of a much larger audience.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

THE House loves anything personal, and the members flocked down to hear the impeachment of Mr. McKenna by Austen Chamberlain. It was a foregone conclusion that the vote of censure would be lost by a large majority, but it was chiefly the personal question as to whether a Minister holding high office had done his duty or not. Austin was in fine form. "If it was right for the men to strike in sympathy," he said, "would it be right for the masters to lock out in sympathy?" He challenged Lansbury to defend such action. The member for Bow and Bromley was obliged to say "No." "Then if it's wrong for an employer, how can it be right for the men?" he continued. The labour men felt and looked gruelled. Again, if it was wrong to send the

*Lady Jocelyn* full of free labour to London was it right to send an army of police and soldiers to protect Winston Churchill at Belfast? Was not his visit there a "provocative" act? The Government were anxious to protect a Minister, but not a man willing and able to work.

It was a powerful indictment, but McKenna made a really fine reply from his point of view, and when he sat down Asquith almost hugged him with delight. There are some American magazines which print self-laudatory paragraphs on their covers. For instance, "In our opinion this is the brightest, best, and most snappy number we have published." McKenna copied the cover of the magazine by boldly declaring he was the finest Home Secretary of modern times. Had he not kept the food supply open; had he not protected 8,000 men; had he not prevented disturbance? He asked himself all these questions, and answered them in the affirmative with deep conviction. He took refuge in the quibble that a Home Secretary was only responsible for the Metropolitan police and order in their jurisdiction. Purfleet was outside it, and he could not spare the men. He spoke in a hurry when he made the remarks complained of—he had only been in the House 15 seconds when he had to get up to reply, and he misunderstood the point at issue.

Bonar Law pressed for a plain answer to the question: "Did the Government approve of the doctrine laid down by the Home Secretary that he would not send police until after disorder occurred?—Yes or no?" The excitement increased. Rufus Isaacs replied, but evaded the question and wound up the debate; he talked so long that a number of his colleagues pointed out that if he were not careful he might talk it out. At one minute to eleven Lord Hugh Cecil sprang up. "A more evasive answer," he began, amid a roar of approval and disapproval, when Asquith got up to move the closure. Now it was not the business of the Prime Minister (whose Government, so to speak, was on its trial) to move the closure and stifle debate, and the Speaker evidently did not expect he would do it. At any rate, Mr. Lowther did not hear him, but attended to Lord Hugh, whose mind worked quicker than those of most of us, for he moved: "that the *debate be now adjourned*." The Speaker could not hear amid the din, so Hugh took the unusual course of walking up to the Speaker and shouting his motion into his left ear. The Speaker put the question amid continued uproar. In the meantime Hugh explained his intention to Bonar Law. The confusion was so great that the Opposition whips either could not or would not appoint tellers, so the Government nominated two of their own side to tell in favour of the adjournment and force a division. The result was most astonishing. All that the Government could muster was 75. Bonar Law then moved the closure, and the Majority only went up two, amid cries of "Resign."

Tall and handsome young Dalrymple, coming through the lobby rather late, jostled a Labour member, who evidently thought he had done it on purpose and seized his arm. Dalrymple swung round, and it looked for a

moment as if a free fight would ensue round McKenna, who, happening to be in the midst of the throng, cried out, "No violence, I beg." He evidently did not want to send for the police until after the disorder had occurred!

On Wednesday Agar-Robartes, a Cornish Liberal of aristocratic descent, moved that the Ulster counties be excluded. The Unionists boldly supported the amendment, explaining that inasmuch as if it were carried it would ruin the Bill. Home Rule could not be run for a week unless wealthy Ulster contributed. Devlin spoke for the Nationalists, and F. E. Smith had an hilarious encounter with the ponderous Eugene Wason, who was flatly contradicted by two of his own side.

"What do you think of our 'Peckham'?" said the Master of Elibank, what time Mr. Handel Booth was skilfully obstructing something for the Government. "He shapes well, doesn't he?" he added complacently. The allusion will be understood when I explain that Sir Frederick Banbury is affectionately known as "Peckham" owing to the fact that he represented that fickle constituency with astonishing courage for many years until he was beaten on his objection to the trams running along the Embankment.

On Friday a drama took place in which Handel Booth, now grown quite expert, was the villain of the piece. All the week he and his friends had been obstructing upstairs a useful and admirable Housing Bill brought in by the Unionist Social Reform Committee. The Radicals are very jealous of our activities in the cause of social reform, but there was an additional reason for obstruction. If it came downstairs too quickly it would get in front of a Plural Voting Bill disguised as a measure of Registration reform which might later on be very useful to the Government; so the "Liberal Peckham" used his undoubted abilities and made the Unionist Reformers very angry. They had been beaten upstairs, and it looked as if the Plural Voting Bill would go through on Friday afternoon. However, there was one small ray of hope. There stood first on the paper a tiny bill of one short clause to enable clergymen and curates to sit on Municipal Councils. When I explain that it was backed by such opposite characters as George Lansbury, the Socialist, and Lord Robert Cecil, it will be understood that it was no party measure. How was such a bill to be kept going for five hours?

On Thursday night some of us had occupied our time in drafting amendments until several pages were filled, and Lord Alec Thynne led off with an instruction to recommit the Bill. We intended to talk about this for an hour and then drop it or be defeated and proceed to our amendments; but we reckoned without our host. Handel Booth moved an amendment to send the Bill back to the Committee from whence it had come. This trumped our trick, and if they could have divided at once our sole remaining bulkhead would have been gone in a flash and we should have been battling in the raging sea of plural voting. We talked for all we were worth, and at lunch we had a count, but it failed. A dozen Liberals with their

mouths full came round from the dining-rooms, put in an appearance, and disappeared again.

Seeing the state we were in and merely wanting to get a useful little measure through, Robert Cecil offered to get his noble friend (Alec Thynne) to withdraw his motion if Booth would do the same. Booth agreed if we would drop all our amendments, but this we could not afford to do, because there were still three hours to go, and good progress might be made with the Plural Voting Bill before 5 p.m. So everybody solemnly talked as if the Bill was the most important item in the session, and each party accused the other of obstruction. At 3.30 the closure was moved. In the meantime our ranks had been swelling in a most mysterious way; and when burly William Bull, who was put on to tell, took his stand at the right of the table, showing he had the winning numbers, one would have thought that the roof would come off. The few front bench men did not like the look of it, and sent for Lloyd George. Lord Hugh moved the adjournment, which was solemnly seconded by Bonar Law, who supported it for "another reason" than the one given—it would give the Government time to consider their position! Lloyd George came down hot and flurried. Why all this fuss and jubilation? It is only a private members' day, and the Government takes no interest in the Bill. When the new Franchise Bill is brought in on Monday it will be seen why. But the Tories were suspicious of Lloyd George. There is not the slightest hope of his Franchise Bill being passed; it must be a mere window-dressing performance, while if a private member's Bill jerrymandering the Registers got through the Committee stage the Government would not be human if they did not take it up and force the remaining stages through; so in spite of the adroit performance of the Progressive Peckham, the Unionists felt that they had not done a bad afternoon's work.

On Monday Jack Pease of all people brought in the jerrymandering Franchise Bill abolishing Plural Voting and the University Franchise. Some people thought it dull and not clear, but I confess I thought he did rather well with a difficult subject. It will be a fairly long Bill bristling with points of attack. The first reading debate foreshadowed that—Woman Suffrage, Redistribution, Manhood Suffrage, and Registration Law were a few of the subjects touched upon. I cannot see how it can get through under a fortnight's work, and at this time of the year that is absurd.

F. E. Smith thanked heaven we were spared the last insult of a preamble, although Pease pledged the Government to bring in Redistribution. David Wason, a Radical, passionately called it a "double shuffle" on account of the wily way it dodged the women's question.

There was a division, but the leaders of the Unionists, rightly or wrongly, felt that it ought to have a first reading without a division. The tradition of the house is to see a Bill before you vote on it, and of course the Bill itself was not in our hands. Some ardent spirits—Woman Suffragists and others—insisted on a division, but they were not well supported. After 11 McKenna



had more trouble. He was accused of cooking some figures on Welsh Disestablishment, and instead of replying let Mr. King speak.

This angered the Unionists, and although he spoke for a few minutes brought down a rebuke from the Speaker on his methods. Griffith-Boscawen called him a "coward" and he, white with passion, retorted by calling the member for Dudley a "cur," although another school of thought declares he said "cad." I think he said both.

On Tuesday the amendment to leave out the four Ulster counties was continued. The Government were obviously very reluctant to use the closure, and it was not until 8 o'clock before it was applied. Both sides had been "whipped" for 6.30, and there was a rumour that the Government intended to let the debate go on until 11, which would have upset many a dinner party on both sides. Bonar Law declared that any Government who dared to use soldiers to coerce Ulster, would be lynched in London—a striking statement that drew roars of applause and howls of derision from the opposing benches.

The Government majority touched low-water mark. Their splendid majority sunk to 69—far below even the Irish Members present. But for their help the Home Rule Bill would have been dead.

### The Aeroplane in War\*

MESSRS. GRAHAME-WHITE and Harry Harper have set out to prove that the aeroplane will place warfare on an entirely different footing in the future, and that the nation which lags behind and fails to keep pace with its rivals in aerial science will find itself hopelessly handicapped. Let us here make two observations. Firstly, we consider they have proved their case up to the hilt, and secondly, it need hardly be added that the nation which lagged hopelessly behind its rivals in the past, and which shows but little desire to overtake them in the future, is England.

The authors deserve every praise for the production of a work which will open the eyes of the public to the possibilities of the aeroplane in modern warfare on land and on sea, and which also shows how hopelessly lacking in enterprise and practical assistance to airmen the present Government proved itself when compared with other Governments, until Col. Seely, as Under Secretary of State for War, took the matter in hand. Now that he has become Minister for War there is every reason to believe that a still more energetic policy will be pursued, and that by departing from the cheese-paring policy we have pursued in the past we may in a few years get on terms with our rivals, France and Germany. But the sad fact remains that if war were to

break out to-morrow and if an expeditionary force were sent to assist the French Army its commander-in-chief would be obliged to borrow a corps of French airmen, unless he was content to rely on the obsolete mounted scout or civilian spy for his information of the enemy's movements. Doubtless the French Government would spare us every single airman they could afford, but the spectacle of a fine British Army beshrouded in the fog of war, and only lighted on its pathway to victory or defeat by Gallic airmen, is not exactly flattering to our national prestige, although it is typical of the manner in which we regard almost every departure of science from the normal and staid paths of sleepy conservatism, whether a Radical or a Unionist Government be in office. The responsibility for our backwardness lies chiefly with Lord Haldane, who has now happily passed to another sphere, for which he is better suited. To his legal and philosophic mind the aeroplane presented no possibilities. His was a policy of *laissez faire*: to allow other nations to develop the science, and when it had reached a state of perfection, to step in and make use of foreign ideas and inventions.

The absurdity of this policy has been thoroughly exposed by the authors. They point out how impossible it is to create a school of thoroughly trained and efficient airmen in a day by the mere stroke of a retired lawyer's pen; and how equally impossible it is to say, when the right moment arrives, "Build us a certain number of aeroplanes of a certain type and have them ready by a certain day." Machines can only be constructed after prolonged development; the plant must be laid down and the manufacturers assured of a certain demand for their wares. It is indeed sad reading, this tale of lack of sympathy or understanding in England when compared with the ceaseless efforts and experiments of the French Government. The genius of the French mind—which may be described as being the exact antithesis of that of Mr. Haldane—at once grasped the possibilities of aeroplanes in warfare, and every encouragement was given both to manufacturers and airmen to turn it from an indefinite to a definite science. France easily leads the van, but Germany is not far behind. If the German brain lacked the intuitiveness and initiative of the French, the Germans at once saw the necessity of copying French methods and of keeping abreast of the times. The result is that both France and Germany have large, efficient air fleets to-day, and are followed closely by other Continental powers, while England is just beginning to hop from Salisbury Plain into the air.

As far as one can see at present there is but a very limited commercial future for aeroplanes, and the authors are therefore wise to devote themselves to a study of aviation in relation to war. In this field there is no limit to the use which may be made of them. The book contains a study of aeroplanes in all their aspects: scouting on land and sea, as bomb droppers against troops and ships, and aeroplane versus aeroplane. Of the three studies the first, scouting, is undoubtedly the most important, because it is the only one which has at present reached a practical stage and which can be and

\* *The Aeroplane in War.* By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE and HARRY HARPER. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

has been thoroughly tested in times of peace. It is no exaggeration to say that almost every great campaign in the past would have been completely changed had the commanders-in-chief been able to employ the new arm. Napoleon at Waterloo, for instance, could have recalled Grouchy to his side by sending a skilled airman on a ten minutes' early morning spin. Therefore it is absolutely certain that the only practical scouting can be by aeroplane in the future, if a general is to have any real information as to his opponent's movements. The days of scouting by cavalry patrols are dead; cavalry will only be used on very stormy days when no aeroplane can go aloft. Even then mounted men will not be of any great use, since a skilled aeroplane reconnaissance will bring back such an abundance of news that the officer in command can be fairly certain that no material change in the enemy's dispositions can take place in the next twenty-four hours.

The old cavalry patrol seldom brought back absolutely reliable news to headquarters. If it met large bodies of troops on the road it could only report their presence—their numbers and what was behind remained pure guess-work, because the patrol had necessarily to retreat immediately. But an aeroplane can pass right over any troops it encounters. A skilled observer will be able to estimate with sufficient accuracy their numbers and composition and, above all, he will have the enormous advantage, which the old cavalry patrol never possessed, of being able to see for miles to the right and to the left, unencumbered by hedges, hills and forests, and will thus be able to ascertain the relation of one body of troops to another, and to report the undoubted objective on which the whole are marching.

If a great assault is being delivered on a part of the enemy's position, and the attack has reached that critical stage where the commander-in-chief must decide whether to throw in his last reserve or be content to hold the ground he has already gained, a skilful airman will be able to pass over the enemy's lines and return in a few minutes with invaluable news as to how far those lines have been shaken, what reinforcements are coming up, or if a general retirement has already begun. Nor must one forget the information which will be obtained by rapid flights over a hostile frontier long before the main armies have been mobilised or have come in touch with one another. Messrs. Grahame-White and Harper go very thoroughly into the systems of organisation which will be necessary if an army is to have efficient corps of airmen. In France gigantic strides have already been made, and the French Army will shortly have no less than one thousand skilled aeroplanists properly organised amongst its ranks. The Russo-Japanese War furnishes innumerable examples of what aeroplanes might have accomplished. The Battle of Mukden extended over a front of one hundred miles, and both Oyama and Kuropatkin were for days almost completely in the dark as to what was passing on their flanks. Let me quote another example. During the siege of Port Arthur the Japanese sacrificed over ten thousand men in assaulting 203 Metre Hill, because

they wished to ascertain for certain the state of the Russian warships which were lying at anchor in the harbour. Had aeroplanes been in existence they could have found out in ten minutes that the Russian ships could never again put to sea.

The authors are very cautious when dealing with the knotty question of the value of the aeroplane as an offensive weapon in modern warfare. They are wise not to exaggerate their powers of attack. In certain cases great damage might be inflicted on permanent fortifications by powerful bombs, but such opportunities are likely to be few and far between. Shells and explosives seldom do the same amount of damage in practice which they are calculated to do in theory. Modern artillery, and more especially modern howitzers, which are the most effective weapon against permanent works, have reached such a state of perfection, and their range is so great, that they are bound to be more valuable in attack than bombs dropped from above. The flight of a howitzer shell is almost identical with that of a bomb dropped directly from above, and the force of impact and weight of metal are at present infinitely greater. It is doubtful if bombs dropped on warships would do any great or material damage unless by chance they fell right down the funnel and exploded in the engine rooms. Even the great 28 centimetre shells from the Japanese howitzers at Port Arthur, weighing five hundred pounds, inflicted but small damage on the Russian warships, although alighting on the unarmoured decks. It will be quite a simple matter for naval constructors to provide a steel net similar to those used against torpedoes to nullify the effect of dropped bombs and to cause them to explode above the decks. On the other hand, a number of aeroplanes passing rapidly over camps or large bodies of massed cavalry might cause a stampede amongst the horses by a few well-directed bombs.

One of the most interesting studies in the book is that devoted to war in the air between rival fleets of aeroplanes. The authors take the view that it will be necessary to protect the aerial scouts by armed aerial cruisers, which will be of great speed, so that they may circle round and round the scouts and enable them to make their observations unmolested. This war in the air will be a unique and terrible feature of the next European struggle. It will be a struggle of the most deadly nature between huge birds. There will be no wounded, and the combatants must be prepared to win or to die. No really effective weapon for aeroplanes has yet been invented. The rifle is of small use unless a well-aimed shot happened to hit the pilot, but undoubtedly he will soon be protected by a bullet-proof chassis. The attack will have to be directed against the machine and not against its crew. Something in the nature of a small gun firing old-fashioned grape or canister would seem to be the right line on which to experiment, but no doubt military science is capable of overcoming the difficulty of finding a suitable weapon. There seems to be a great future for bombs here. Would not a skilled airman on a quickly rising machine



be able to soar above his rival and destroy him by a bomb dropped from above?

Space forbids us to say more on this valuable work. It should be read by all and closely studied by naval and military experts. E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

## The Art of Léon Bakst

**M.** LEON BAKST, the Russian artist, is exhibiting a collection of his original drawings for the costumes and scenery of the Russian ballet, at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street. The drawings are a revelation of the East—not of any particular district or country, but of the spirit of the Orient in all its mystery and barbaric splendour. Nor do his drawings appear to belong to any particular age. His costume designs are not mere fashion plates, interesting to the costumier alone. They are finished works of art, in which he has caught and embodied the fleeting fantasy of the dance, or the uncompromising voluptuousness of some Oriental monarch. M. Bakst employs crude colours with astonishing daring. Mixtures which never seem to blend on an ordinary artist's palette he uses with perfect harmony as by some magic quality of the East. He never strikes a false note in all the glittering pageant of gods and monsters, kings in purple, rose and green, bayadères in the frenzy of the dance, blind beggars, and all the train of half-fantastic, half-real figures which he evokes.

The designs for Lermontov's poem of Queen Tamar are the most daringly brilliant of all his drawings. His most interesting designs are those for "L'Après midi d'un faune." In these he calls to life the figures of the early Greek frescoes—figures rather angular and stiff, yet filled with a certain candid pagan charm. They are like athletic barbarians who have descended upon the decaying civilisations of the East, and clothed themselves in some of the splendour of the Orient.

Some of his figures bear the imprint of Aubrey Beardsley's influence, and his pictures of trees remind one of Japanese art. By his picture of Nijinski bathing in the Lido M. Bakst shows that he is an accomplished portrait-painter as well as a designer.

## Landscape at the Grafton Galleries

**A**N Exhibition of contemporary British landscape, organised by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, and open during the present month, is distinctly interesting. The art of landscape painting is largely of British origin, and is still perhaps the one in which our nation most excels. Of the pictures chosen in this collection, not very many, perhaps, reach the highest level of achievement; but, taken as a whole, the average is high, while some of the best specimens are very good indeed. On the other hand, one is somewhat struck by the inequality of achievement of

some men whose capacity is unquestionable. Mr. Wilson Steer, for instance, exhibits some distinctly poor work, as well as some of undeniable beauty; the fine "Oak Avenue," the sketch of "Hawes, in Yorkshire," the lovely study of "Bridgnorth," with its iridescent spring colouring and hazy distance, are all works that compel admiration, while some of his other efforts can only provoke adverse comment. The same thing is true of Mr. Von Glehn, whose work is always bold and daring.

The influence of Whistler is responsible for no little of the work in this Exhibition, and it is especially evident in the five pictures shown by Mr. Walter Greaves, which borrow their nomenclature as well as their style and subjects from this artist. The "Nocturne in Blue and Gold" and the "Arrangement in Brown and Silver" are especially delicate and beautiful. Somewhat similar in aim and execution is the "Green Rhine" by Mr. George Sauter, in which the lights shining through the darkness over the still river are very simply and delicately rendered. Quite different in style, but bold, effective, and thrilling with light, are the "Sussex Landscape" and the "Stream," by Mr. James Charles; and two landscape studies somewhat impressionist in method, but pulsating with light and vivid colour, are Mr. Mark Fisher's "Meadows on the Stort" and "Springs," the apple blossom in the latter being very well rendered.

Coming to the Large Gallery, we note several admirable studies of water. Mr. Holloway's delicate little picture in silver-grey of "Purfleet," and his vigorous rendering of the Thames estuary in the same neighbourhood, which he calls "The Breezy Day," are both pictures that abide in the memory. And the same is true of his restful sketch of "Southampton Water," in which the evening effect, with the rich colouring "taken by the low sun," is admirably caught. We have also marked four of Mr. Buxton Knight's pictures for special mention, all of them careful studies of varied atmospheric conditions—"Entrance to the Harbour," "Port Isase," "Chesil Beach," and "Portsmouth Harbour." One of the best things in the Exhibition is Mr. Alexander Roche's "Low Tide," a delightful picture of an old French seaport, with rocks and beach and playing children in the foreground. In the same room are collections of landscapes by the late Mr. G. F. Watts and M. Alphonse Legros; but neither of them, we think, will add greatly to the reputation of those eminent Masters. Of Mr. Watts' pictures, the two entitled "The Cloud" and "Near Florence" are most worthy of mention; the former is distinctly an experiment—and a clever one, as might be expected—in the manner of Turner. M. Legros achieves some striking effects by very simple and direct methods, especially in vivid flat colour-surfaces, but all the same they are not the work by which one would care to remember him. Mr. A. D. Peppercorn has a number of bold and very clever sketches in strong colour, of which the one entitled "At Rye" remains most clearly in our memory. But his work also is very unequal.

In the apse at the end of the Large Gallery three or

four pictures are collected, which are certainly the best in the Exhibition. Mr. Von Glehn supplies a splendid view in "Corfu," daring in its handling, and full of bright light and brilliant colour. Better still, however, is Mr. Hughes-Stanton's "Mountain Road in Provence," painted with a sure touch and a certain hand, and with an authority which suggests a large reserve of power. The composition of the picture is especially admirable. But we are inclined to prefer even to this Mr. Alfred Hayward's glorious presentment of Château Gaillard, a brilliant rendering of a landscape which has always been the delight of artists. With no particularly vivid tints, excepting perhaps the blue of the sky between the rolling clouds, he manages to suggest sunshine and sharp lights, and the soft verdure that clothes the rolling chalk hills through which the river carves its winding way. There are very few pictures in the Exhibition that can be compared with either of these, but a high place must also be given to Mr. J. S. Hill's careful painting of the "Thames at Charing Cross"—a masterful study of turbid waters flowing beneath the ugliest railway bridge in London, but mellowed in this case by haze and atmosphere into a wonderfully perfect and harmonious composition. Remarkable also is the vivid collection of sketches by Mr. John Lavery taken at Tangier of which the one called "Morning," with its purple distance and the sparkling little town on the foreground hill, is perhaps the most striking. Among the water-colours we like best the bold and brilliant studies by Mr. Arthur Melville, which show a rare mastery of a far from easy medium. Venice, under a condition of light and atmosphere, is his favourite theme. We should also mention a collection of drawings and etchings by M. Legros, and a disappointing little landscape by Whistler.

## Notes and News

Mr. Arthur Dillon has added a satiric play to his Trilogy which Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing.

Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co. announce publication of a novel by the late August Strindberg, entitled, "The Confession of a Fool"; also of "The King," a tragedy, by Stephen Phillips.

The English Goethe Society will meet at the Medical Hall, Chandos Street, W., on Tuesday next, when the President, Dr. A. W. Ward, will lecture, at 8.30 p.m., on "Goethe and the French Revolution."

Mr. Lennox Robinson's play, "Patriots," given at the Court Theatre, has been published in book form by Messrs. Maunsel and Company, of Dublin, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and can be had of them price 1s. 6d. (cloth) or 1s. (paper covers).

Lord Rosebery will contribute to the July number of the "Fortnightly Review" an article entitled "The Coming of Napoleon." The same number will contain

articles by the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, M.P., on "Tariff Reform," and Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., upon "Jean Jacques Rousseau."

The lecture on "How to Use the British Museum Reading Room" (delivered on several occasions during 1911-1912 at the Museum by Mr. R. A. Peddie) has now been revised and enlarged for publication, and will be issued by Messrs. Grafton and Co., 69, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., before the end of the month.

Sir James Voxall, M.P., has written the preface to a new novel by Mr. Stuart Martin, entitled "Inheritance." There is no more interesting field for real romance than that provided by the workaday world, not the office or ordinary workshops so much as the cotton mills of the North. Mr. John Ouseley will publish the book shortly.

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham will publish immediately a new novel by Buchan Landor, entitled "The Mystic of Prague." The romance narrates the adventures of a young Bohemian nobleman persecuted on account of his heretical tendencies. The reader is introduced to picturesque Prague and takes part in many a scene of mediæval grandeur.

Mrs. Alice M. Diehl, the well-known novelist, who died on the 13th inst., had recently completed arrangements with Messrs. John Long for the publication of her new novel entitled, "Incomparable Joan." Mrs. Diehl passed away almost on the eve of publication, and Messrs. John Long announce that the book will be ready within the next few days.

An interesting book is forthcoming from the house of Chapman and Hall in the shape of "A History of Divorce," by Advocate S. B. Kitchin, of Cape Town. Though there are few modern problems more perplexing, it is believed that this is the first book in the English language dealing with the question of divorce and its history in so concise and simple a manner.

Mr. Keighley Snowden, the author of "The Free Marriage," has written a new novel entitled "Bright Shame," which Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are publishing shortly. They also announce "The Consort," a new novel by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). The story tells of an ordinary man married to an exceptional woman, and of their relations and interactions.

The first of two volumes of the Riccardi Press Virgil, uniform with the Horace and Catullus, will be published immediately, to be followed very shortly by the second volume. The text is that of Henry Nettleship, edited by Professor J. P. Postgate. The Riccardi Press has been honoured by the commission to print a special edition as the Eton College "leaving book"; this will be in one volume, and will not be for sale.

In addition to the cheap re-issue at 2s. of some of their most popular novels, Messrs. Chapman and Hall are about to initiate a shilling net library of general literature, which will include some of their most widely circulated publications of recent years. The first volumes, which will be ready immediately, are "Man's Place in the Universe," by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., and "Marriage as a Trade," by Miss Cicely



Hamilton, the well-known authoress of "Diana of Dobson's."

An exhibition of twenty-five paintings by Philip Conard will be held from June 20 onwards at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. To the catalogue Mr. Oliver Onions is contributing a preface. The exhibition of "The Roll Call" and other military works by Lady Butler, which closes to-day, June 22, will be succeeded by an exhibition of rare English drawings and water-colours, with special reference to the art of Thomas Girtin (1775-1802).

Mr. Gregory Hast has consented to sing "I arise from Dreams of Thee" and "To Mary" at the Keats-Shelley matinées which Mr. Frederick Harrison is giving at the Haymarket Theatre on June 25 and 28. Baron Rosenkrantz, the distinguished Danish painter whose recent exhibition of pictures at the Doré Gallery was visited by Queen Alexandra and other members of the Royal Family, has designed a beautiful souvenir programme for the occasion. A special "Foreword" has been written by Mr. William Watson. The price will be half-a-crown.

For ten years the Library Association has been carrying on a system of training and examination in the different branches of Library Economy and the science of books. It has held lectures at the School of Economics, the British Museum, and other London and provincial institutions, and has conducted a series of Correspondence Classes which have proved highly successful in directing students and enabling them to pass the annual examinations. Encouraged by the success of these classes, the Committee now propose to invite the general public to enter for these courses. Some of the subjects treated are technical, *e.g.*, Classification and Cataloguing, and the History and Administration of Libraries; others, Literature, History and Bibliography, are more attractive, especially the former, on which a class by Mr. W. E. Stebbing, B.A., is to begin this month. The Hon. Secretary of the Education Committee, Dr. Ernest Baker, M.A., will be glad to hear of any persons desirous of extending their knowledge of library technique or of having the benefit of an expert guide in their reading of literature.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

### THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

THE arrival of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein on English soil has naturally given rise to renewed discussion concerning the state of Anglo-German relations. The Berlin newspapers once more make an appeal that we should endeavour to understand the German point of view. From the British side, however, it has always been urged that the tension has been maintained by failure on their part to appreciate adequately the honest motives that lie behind the position which we have taken up. While not in any way relinquishing this view, it is not inopportune at the present moment to put ourselves in the place of a patriotic German, and attempt, within the brief space at our command, to represent the opinions which we might imagine he would reasonably

entertain in regard to the existing situation. Indeed, it would be difficult to hit upon any more effective way of welcoming Baron Marschall von Bieberstein to England than that we should respond to the invitation of our Berlin contemporaries and seek to explain the opinions held by the German people, without confusing the issue with anything in the nature of controversy.

Within recent years Germany has seen every great Power, excepting herself, securing territorial advantages on a vast scale and deriving other material benefits. First came Great Britain's conquest of South Africa; then Russia advanced eastward to the shores of the Pacific, a move not altogether unwelcome to Germany, inasmuch as it relieved to some extent the pressure on her eastern frontier. The attempts of the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse to found a great colony in Shantung met with comparative failure. Russia was already established at Port Arthur, and Great Britain lost no time in occupying the neighbouring port of Wei-hai-wei. The rise of Japan to power and prestige finally put an end to German aspirations in China. The formation of the Triple Entente, a combination aimed at counterbalancing the Triple Alliance in Europe, and pursuing a policy closely identical with that of Japan in the Far East, gave rise to the belief that Great Britain was at the head of a conspiracy, the deliberate purpose of which was to deprive Germany of a place in the sun. The events that followed were certainly of a nature likely to lend colour to such an impression. It is no longer doubted that the Moroccan question was decided largely in favour of France and solely as a result of the unwavering support given to that country by Great Britain and Russia. The terms of the understanding originally arrived at between London and St. Petersburg were distasteful to Germany. The division of Persia into spheres of influence at a time when her aspirations in the Middle East were assuming a definite shape was viewed with deep anxiety in Berlin.

Then German hopes largely centred upon the cultivation of friendly relations with Turkey, and the consummation of the Baghdad railway project. Here again the Powers of the Triple Entente barred the way. The association of the two great financial nations of Europe, Great Britain and France, meant that no scheme of any magnitude could be accomplished without their support. Apart from this consideration, in the case of the Baghdad Railway other and even more formidable obstacles obstructed the path of Germany. The unquestionable interests of Great Britain in the region of the Persian Gulf could not be overlooked in any discussions as to the last section and the terminus of the railway. Moreover, Downing Street conveniently resurrected a treaty with the Sheikh of Koweit, the terms of which gave explicit title to the claims of Great Britain. At the same time the suggestion was made that the last section of the line should come under the control of an international syndicate. Germany and Turkey were to be given participation, but it was recognised that in view of the close relations existing between Berlin and Constantinople, their shares were to be regarded as one for

the purposes of diplomatic policy. Originally it was proposed that the only other Powers composing the group should be Great Britain and France, but eventually Russia was introduced in order that control should remain with the Triple Entente.

It will be seen that wherever Germany turned she met with the determined opposition of Great Britain, France, and Russia. By whatever name the association of these Powers might be known all the evidence on the surface went to show that they were working together with the definite object of baulking German ambition in all quarters of the globe. Nor was the temper of the German people improved by the recollection that these Powers had not gone the length of threatening war when Austria had annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that in more recent times they had offered no determined protests against Italian aggression in Tripoli. Thus the idea long entertained that Great Britain sought to accomplish what virtually amounted to a diplomatic boycott of Germany, has grown into a belief shared alike by responsible statesmen and the great mass of the people. Consequently when the organs of public opinion in Berlin declare that the Army and Navy are designed solely for defensive purposes, they are in a measure sincere. Past experience has inclined them to think that German interests can only expand on any serious scale as the result of the nation's capacity to wage a successful war. By this process of reasoning they come to the conclusion that in no circumstances can they be the aggressors, for all their military preparations are designed with a view to giving weight to the voice of the nation—the voice of that which they hold to be reason—in the councils of Europe.

So soon as they are strong enough they will be ready to unsheath the sword, but only in the event of the Triple Entente declining to pay heed to what they regard as their reasonable demands. For the rest, their strategists have in mind the contingency that the Triple Alliance, weakened as it is by the embarrassments of Italy, may some day be called upon to meet the combined armies and navies of the Powers of the Triple Entente, backed as they would be by enormous financial resources. In that event the position of Germany, hemmed in between Russia and France, and compelled to meet the strongest navy afloat, would be no enviable one. In all the circumstances it is not surprising that the German people have grown weary of peace platitudes, and that they should expect some practical manifestation of English goodwill.

## MOTORING

**M**R. S. F. EDGE, the well-known motorist, was recently summoned at Haywards Heath Petty Sessional Court for not having a light on the off-side of his car, as required by the Act. The constable who made the charge swore that Mr. Edge was driving at night without such a light, and that, when pulled up, he switched on the necessary light. Lord Tiverton, who appeared for Mr. Edge, demonstrated by expert

evidence that it was impossible, owing to the construction of the electric lighting system adopted on the car, for Mr. Edge to have switched on the side lights without first extinguishing both the tail and head lights, a certain rotation having to be followed in the switching-on process. The magistrates, in face of this conclusive evidence, unanimously dismissed the summons, and Lord Tiverton at once applied to the court for a copy of the constable's evidence, with a view to a prosecution for perjury. This is the right course to take in such a case, and Mr. Edge is to be congratulated on having taken the trouble to appear in person to disprove the constable's evidence. It is by no means the first time that he has placed the motoring community under an obligation for disinterested service on its behalf.

Readers of the technical motor papers are doubtless aware that for some months past the proprietors of a certain motor tyre have been persistently issuing challenges to makers of other tyres of world-wide reputations to a reliability and durability test under official supervision. For reasons which will be obvious to most people, the challenges have not been accepted. It was hardly to be expected that manufacturers who have spent many thousands of pounds in building up a name for their tyres would display any eagerness to incur the slightest risk of losing it by entering a competition in which there was little or nothing to gain. We understand, however, that the challengers—the makers of the "Victor" tyre—have now become tired of issuing manifestos in vain, and that they have determined to conduct the trial themselves. The test is to commence at once, under R.A.C. auspices, the challenged tyres—the Continental, the Dunlop, and the Michelin—being taken separately in rotation, and all run to destruction along with the "Victor." As the last-mentioned is positively claimed by the makers to be the best, and is the only one guaranteed for 4,000 miles, the trial possesses a good deal of interest, and its progress will be closely watched by motorists to see how far the challengers are justified in their sweeping claims.

The first meeting of the committee of inquiry organised by the R.A.C. for a preliminary discussion of the petrol question has been duly held, the following bodies being represented: The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the Commercial Motor Users' Association, the A.A. and M.U., the National Society of Chauffeurs, the Motor-Cab Owner-Drivers' Association, the Auto-Cycle Union, the Royal Aero Club, the Royal Motor Yacht Club, the Scottish Automobile Club, the Irish Automobile Club, and the London Motor Cab Proprietors' Association. The net result of the deliberations seems to be represented by a resolution to adjourn the meeting for the collection of evidence with regard to the distribution and transport of the spirit. In the meantime the unfortunate private motorist continues to pay three times the price paid by the motor-bus and taxicab companies, and everybody is clamouring to know why it is so. There need be no mystery about the matter, however. A complete explanation can be found in the balance-sheet recently



issued by one of the two big petrol-distributing corporations.

The many friends gained by Mr. W. A. McCurd during his career in London will be pleased to know that he has returned from Birmingham and re-purchased the business in Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, which will in future be under his sole personal control. At a time when the name of second-hand-car dealer was almost synonymous with trickster, Mr. McCurd was honourably conspicuous for his straightforward dealing, and it was upon this basis that one of the biggest businesses of the kind in England was built from a very humble beginning.

R. B. H.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE have had no disagreeable incidents during the past week; nevertheless, the Stock Markets remain idle. As I have pointed out on various occasions during the past month, this is only what was to be expected. There is a limit to the gambling capacity of everyone, a limit that is fixed by the amount of their credit or the length of their bank balance. During the first few months of this year everybody felt compelled to have a flutter on the Stock Exchange. The insiders bought early and got out quickly; the public as usual bought late and have not yet extricated themselves from their ill-timed bargains. This is only the plain truth. On all sides one meets with men in the West End who ask, "When will Marconis go back again to 10?" "Why don't P. and O. rise?" "Don't you think that Anglo-Continentials must recover?" These questions all show that the punter still has stock. If he has the market must remain weak, for sooner or later he will be compelled to sell. There is only one market worth gambling in, and that is the Copper Market. Months ago I declared that the intrinsic position here was bound to bring about a rise. The rise has come but it has not ended, and it is still safe to buy the best shares—not gambling counters made by promoters, but genuine solid big producers.

The bad reception given to new issues by the investing public has caused the finance houses and promoters some uneasiness. They now hold their hand. Very little has been offered since last week. The city of North Vancouver asked for a loan of £126,000 of 4½ per cent. debentures yielding about £4 13s. North Vancouver only began its existence as a city six years ago, and its population is only 6,000; therefore it seems rather ridiculous that it should come to England for a loan.

A company called the Letters Patent Insurance Company, with a capital of £250,000, is asking for subscriptions for 125,000 6 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of £1, 2,000 6 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of £50 each, and 225,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. The idea is to undertake insurances to cover the liability of patentees and others so far as the law allows for the costs and expenses of prosecuting and defending actions in connection with patents, designs, trade marks, etc. This seems an ideal company for the lawyer, but as it is an entirely new idea it is quite impossible to say how far it will be profitable. However, the sanguine promoters estimate that there will be a profit of £43,000 a year, and it is impossible for anyone to contradict them. Naturally such a company must be a complete speculation. The idea is ingenious, and if

the company obtains its capital there is no doubt that holders of patents will avail themselves of the privileges offered. It may turn out that it can do a very large business, for its scope is not limited to England, but is to be extended all over the world. Mr. Edgar Cohen, who is an extremely shrewd man, is the chairman, and the board and its advisory council contain some excellent names.

**MONEY.**—As the end of the half-year approaches the usual stringency occurs. Berlin has been taking some gold, but the amount is not of importance, and it is really a very ordinary transaction that need not excite the Teutonophobe. As soon as the end of the half-year has come we shall see a long period of easy money. Bankers do not relish the idea of a 2½ per cent. rate, but it is possible that it will come.

**FOREIGNERS.**—Long stories are cabled over from China with regard to the situation. It is very difficult to say what will happen. The United States representative is not making himself amiable, and Russia and Japan would appear to be intriguing against the other Powers. They are not, however, financially strong enough to upset the arrangements. It is very hard to speak with calmness about our position in China. It looks as though we are certain to lose a large portion of our trade entirely through the ineptitude of our Foreign Office. Max Muller, who goes out to replace Jordan, although realising the serious position that Great Britain will be placed in through her participation with five other Powers, has his hands tied. Had we a strong man in the Government he would insist upon Great Britain lending China all the money she requires, and he would be willing to take the consequence for the sake of the huge trade done by us in the Chinese Empire.

The Italian Government continues to support its bonds with the idea, of course, of making a new issue. The Russian railway loan which was talked about last year is again on the tapis. Enormous railway schemes are on foot involving the expenditure of a hundred millions. Naturally, such an amount will be spread over five or six years. Russian railways are profitable, and the building of commercial lines a necessity for the Empire. Russia owns the wealthiest portion of the globe, but she requires capital to develop her natural resources, and, above all, she must have railways. There is no country that offers such advantages to the capitalist. I speak with the confidence born of personal experience.

Tintos are strong, and good judges talk them to go.

**HOME RAILS.**—In spite of the failure of the Dock Strike, no one wants to buy Home Rails, and the "bulls" of Dover A and Little Chats are becoming nervous. There is also a "bull" account in both Metropolitans and Districts. There is nothing new to report with regard to the traffic returns of the Heavies. The Whitsuntide receipts came out rather better than was expected. Nevertheless, it seems certain that all the leading lines will have to reduce their dividends. This proceeding will hardly put heart into the market. Those who wish to invest can purchase for delivery in July account. They thus get the dividend.

**YANKEES.**—The American Railway Market need not be discussed, for as long as the political excitement in the United States continues Wall Street will refuse to gamble. But this should not affect Copper shares, which are being steadily bought. The Amalgamated report was excellent, and shows an enormous increase in the cash assets. Anacondas are dealt in in the Foreign Market. They should rise together with Amalgamated. Utah Copper are also a good purchase, and as Amalgamated have bought a big block of Greene-Cananea, both might also be purchased. We must not forget that the present rise in copper is due to the persistent self-sacrifice on the part of the big copper mines in the United States working under a plan that was arranged two years ago. It is most un-

likely that Ryan and the Guggenheims will "take out the pin" just at the moment when they are beginning to reap the harvest they have so long waited for. They will keep copper at a high price during the whole of the present year, and they can do it without any difficulty.

**RUBBER.**—There is no news of any importance to chronicle in the Rubber Market, which remains in a lifeless condition.

**OIL.**—The Oil Market has been spotty in spite of the gloomy stories put about as to a new oil war. Shells keep fairly strong. The Spies dividend was at the same rate as last year, and this should have been satisfactory. Nevertheless, the market sold the shares. Urals are gradually coming back to their old price. When they are down at £2 they will be worth buying, for the territory is a magnificent oil proposition and everything is going smoothly. An attempt is being made to push up British Maikop, which is sinking wells rapidly close to the ground of the Maikop Victory. If it can drain the oil from its neighbour's ground, the Victory output will diminish. British Maikop have sold their output to the Pipe Line Company, but it is difficult to arrive at the working costs of this company. Mr. Boxall is busy with his big 3½ million combine. I hear that the Galicians are sore with the British capitalists, and do not intend to sell any more of their properties except for spot cash.

**KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.**—Mr. Rickard, the brilliant editor of the *Mining Magazine*, has a note in the current issue of his journal on the Lonely. When the shares in this property were low, I advised a purchase. If any of my readers still hold Lonelys they should take advantage of the present price to get out. They have made a handsome profit, for the shares are now quoted 3½ to 3¼. Mr. Rickard shows that the average of the assured ore in 1910 was 22.75 dwt., whilst in 1911 it is only 22.65 dwt. This hardly tallies with the semi-official statements that the property is becoming richer. Mr. Rickard expects that two years hence the costs on the Lonely will be 35s. a ton and profit not more than 45s. a ton. This makes the final profit payable in dividends £320,000. The market value to-day is £860,750. Mr. Rickard points out that a holder of Lonely shares is therefore risking 64 per cent. of his capital and all his interest. In order to return the capital in ten years, plus 10 per cent., the mine would have to yield in dividends no less than £1,600,000, which means that the ore body must continue as large and as rich to five times the present depth of the mine, or 4,625 feet. Perhaps the Lonely Mine might do this, but it is hardly likely.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Miscellaneous Market remains very flat. Apparently the "bears" in Marconi are buying back; but the "bulls" in P. and O. deferred and all the various other little gambles of the Miscellaneous Market are trying to get out. The Mexico Tramways report is good. The dividend has improved ½ per cent., and the credit balance to be carried forward is up 142,500 dollars. The Mexican Light and Power pays the same dividend as last year, but places 50,000 dollars to reserve and increases its carry-forward 238,279 dollars. Both companies, in spite of the revolution, show steady progress.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "MOUNTAIN CLIMBING."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I had the honour of reviewing Miss Peck's "High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia," and extend sincere thanks to her for her criticism of my review. I took exception to "Indians" with a small "i," mainly, I must confess, from an instinctive feeling that, by writing the word in this manner, the writer was

not doing justice to a race which is not devoid of great traditions and which is worthy of being considered as a race. Miss Peck compares the word with "negroes" in order to account for her small "i," and adduces other reasons, notably that of Spanish custom in the use of capital letters for proper nouns. With regard to the first contention, I should like to point out that no English writer makes a habit of spelling "Moors" with a small "m," although that race has long since extended beyond the bounds of Morocco. The second contention may be dismissed without arguments, since Spanish is not English. Miss Peck further remarks that the term "Indians" for natives of America was a mistake in the first instance, but then America itself was practically named by accident, and anyone who has sailed in the Pacific Ocean to any extent will own that the title of that ocean is a great mistake. Still, we persist in spelling these two names with capital letters, in spite of the way in which they were acquired or given.

I do not wish to trespass on your space to an undue extent, and, concerning Miss Peck's remaining criticisms, must dismiss them very briefly. I repeat that Miss Peck's remark in descending from the summit of a conquered mountain was distinctly and essentially feminine. I think most men and a good many women will agree with me in this. As for records, there is an English and an American way of trying for a record. I do not imply that the American way is inferior to the English—it is different, that is all.

Miss Peck concludes her letter with a query. "Is there anything whatever in the line of physical or intellectual achievement which *would*, in his eyes, advance even a little bit the theory of the equality of the sexes; and if so, what is it?" I hasten to reply to that. There is nothing. Miss Peck's record proves her an exceptionally plucky woman, and I think she will be forced to admit that her achievement was exceptional. To my mind, however, it does not advance her, nor women as a whole, even a little way towards equality, for the sexes are complementary, each with a place in the big scheme of things, and to attempt equality is nothing more nor less than to attempt usurpation. Each sex has certain natural limitations; exceptions to the rule, like Miss Peck, may overcome them, but for the general mass the limitations must remain until humanity has proved itself superior to and independent of Nature. Till then the equality of the sexes is inadmissible. Yours faithfully,

THE REVIEWER OF THE BOOK.

### "THE SPANISH LOVERS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I quote the following sentence from the review published in your issue of June 8 of Mr. Garnett's play, "The Spanish Lovers": "Miss Mona Limerick, though exhibiting many suggestions of inexperience, showed that she possesses a fine natural gift which should be carefully cultivated."

I ask you, sir, whether anything more sublimely impudent could even be conceived. An actress who for years has been accustomed to represent all over England some of the most difficult parts (e.g., Norah Helmore) in modern drama; who in some circles has acquired a degree of popularity that few other actresses of her age have ever dared to claim; is to be commended by your reviewer in a fatherly manner—despite "her many suggestions of inexperience," which, in his generosity, he is willing to forgive—for her "promising" performance in a principle part in "The Spanish Lovers"!

In one university at least, where a visit of Miss Limerick is almost accounted one of the regular features of the theatrical term, the comment of your reviewer has excited unlimited ridicule. More is the pity that it should have appeared in a weekly journal whose dramatic criticisms



are usually of so very high a degree of merit. Yours faithfully,

Oxford Union Society.

[SIR,—Comment is surely needless. Are the occasional provincial representation of the part of "Norah Helmore" (? Nora Helmer) and the honour of interpreting a "principle (? principal) part" in "The Spanish Lovers" sufficient cause for such a mixture of bad spelling and enthusiastic exaggeration? "Dramaticus" evidently writes in ignorance of the performance at the Little Theatre. Yes; comment is needless.—YOUR CRITIC.]

#### EVERY-DAY MYSTERIES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—With all due deference to Mr. Arthur Machen's literary powers, will you kindly permit me to point out what I consider an illogical inference in his article that appeared lately in your paper.

He informs us that the true panacea for Labour Unrest is not the "wage system" but "the system of the soul," "that true bliss is only to be obtained by a true direction of the imagination towards the mysteries." Naturally, the working man could neither grasp nor understand this spiritual comfort and substitute for deficient wages, which doubtless seemed to him like offering a stone for bread; and then, in order to prove beliefs without understanding their objects, Mr. Machen instances forces chained by man for his use, such as fire, electricity, and light which are mysteries to him. The inference then arrived at by your contributor is that the unsolved mysteries of Heaven, the soul, and an after life ought to satisfy the present unrest without being understood, being in the same category as the every-day ones, which are also inexplicable.

Surely, however, this deduction is opposed to fact and logic. We certainly do not know the actual nature of electricity, or light, or fire, but the processes which give rise to them are no secrets, whilst the results are very clear and palpable. Electricity has always existed, an incomprehensible force if you like; Franklin with his kite had a possibility of its uses, and we all know how Edison discovered how to harness its wonders for our mankind. How to produce this marvellous force is quite understood. When the savage man, probably by accident, discovered the properties of fire and lit one, its nature and use, apparent to his senses, were no longer a mystery but a proved fact. Life would be a mystery if we did not know how it arises. *Cogito ergo sum*. But the ultimate end of life, quite another matter, is unknown, and is therefore in the region of doubt. Mr. Machen to me seems to think that knowledge and belief are synonymous terms. What concerns man's spiritual nature, the soul, immortality, and another existence may all be classed among our beliefs. They live in the realms of beautiful dreams and hopes. They are mysteries which no logic can explain nor elucidate. The belief in them may be a solace and consolation to us all in this troublous world, but I am afraid it is no material help in this hard life. It is therefore quite clear that the working man cannot understand what must always remain a mystery, in juxtaposition to those every-day ones, the results of which are understood and palpable, so that his "chilled and wretched limbs" need not be warmed by a fire which he believes in, but by a fire whose cause and effect he knows. Yours truly,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

Kensington.

#### AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is at once a Christian duty and a patriotic thing to give the children of the stifling streets and courts of poorest London at least a glimpse of their own country. It is so very easy to provide this overwhelming pleasure—10s. per child per fortnight.

The long experience of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society in this work of arranging holidays for slum children, both for the day and the fortnight, or longer, is a guarantee, I think, of wisdom in the expenditure of all donations for this health-giving purpose, and I can personally vouch for the lasting all-round benefits that such benevolence confers.

I appeal to your readers to enable this society to send at least 10,000 poor children to our Holiday Homes this summer who must otherwise remain in London.

Contributions, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to Sir John Kirk, 32, John Street, Theobalds Road, London, W.C. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
JOHN KIRK,  
Director.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Ush: The Revelation of Bandobast Wilderness.* By "Adelphos." (John Ouseley. 2s. net.)  
*Syndicalism and Labour: Notes Upon Some Aspects of Social and Industrial Questions of the Day.* By Sir Arthur Clay, Bart. (John Murray. 1s. net.)  
*Plays and Players in Modern Italy.* By Addison McLeod. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)  
*Woman Suffrage: A Natural Danger.* By Heber Hart, LL.D. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P. (Second Edition.) (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)  
*In Portugal.* By Aubrey T. G. Bell. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

### FICTION.

- Exotic Martha.* By Dorothea Gerard. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)  
*Elsie Lindtner.* By Karin Michaelis. Authorised Translation by Beatrice Marshall. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)  
*The Loves of Stella.* By Mrs. Shiers-Mason. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)  
*Damosel Croft.* By R. Murray Gilchrist. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)  
*Didy.* By E. R. Lipsett. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)  
*Amor Vincit: A Romance of the Staffordshire Moorlands.* By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)  
*The Grey Terrace.* By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Life of Edward Montagu, K.G., First Earl of Sandwich (1625-1672).* By F. R. Harris. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (John Murray. 24s. net.)  
*Recollections of a Great Lady: Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne.* Edited from the Original MS. by M. Charles Nicoulaud. Portrait Frontispiece. (Wm. Heinemann. 10s. net.)  
*A History of Preston in Amounderness.* By H. W. Clemesha, M.A. With Maps. (Sherratt and Hughes. 7s. 6d. net.)  
*W. B. Yeats.* By Jethro Bithell. Translations by Franz Hellens. (Editions du Masque, H. Lamertin, Brussels. 2 fr.)

### PERIODICALS.

- L'Action Nationale; Cambridge University Reporter; United Empire; Bookseller; La Revue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; University Correspondent; The Collegian, Calcutta; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Triad, Dunedin; N.R.A. Journal; Constitution Papers; The Idler; Publishers' Circular; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay; Mercure de France; Revue Bleue.*

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